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THE SPHERE, DECEMBER 4, 1943
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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLXXV No. 2289 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC DEC. 4 1943

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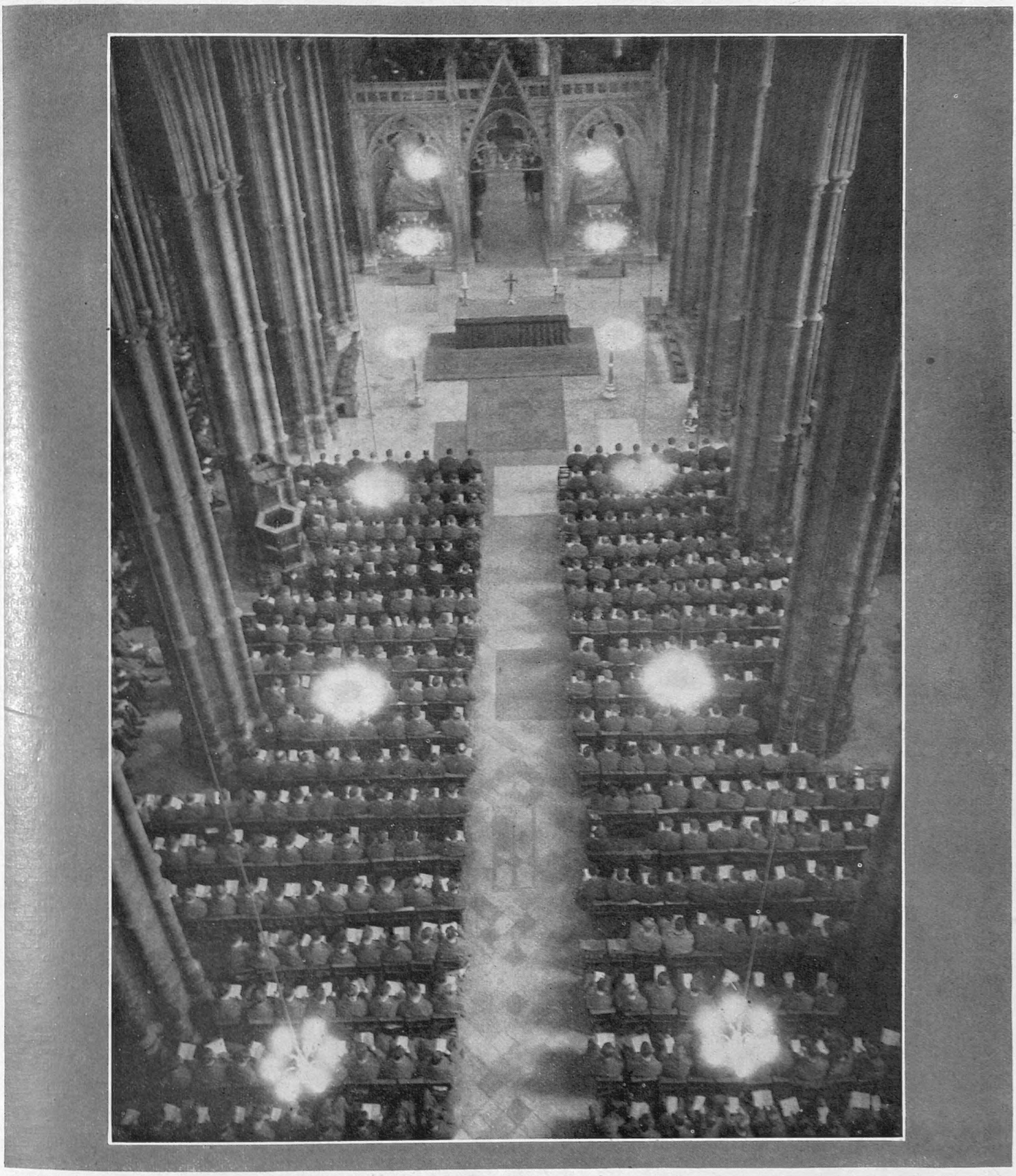
Volume CLXXV No. 2289 The SPHERE, London, December 4, 1943

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly



THE SECOND THANKSGIVING SERVICE BY THE AMERICAN FORCES IN LONDON. THE SCENE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY AS FIGHTING MEN AND WOMEN OF THE U.S. FORCES FILLED THE NAVE AND THE SIDE-CHAPELS TO COMMEMORATE THANKSGIVING DAY

On Thursday, November 25, the Abbey was lent to America for the day, so that the U.S. forces in London could celebrate the second Thanksgiving Day since their nation entered the war. The nave and side-chapels were filled with men and women headed by Lieut.-General Jacob L. Devers, commanding the U.S. troops in the European Theatre of Operations. He read Mr. Roosevelt's Thanksgiving Proclamation during the service; and Mr. Drexel Biddle (U.S. Ambassador to the Allied Governments in London) read the Lesson. During the day the American flag flew from the flagmast above the Abbey, U.S. Military Police stood on guard at each entrance and American Army officers were the ushers. Similar services took place at the West End Synagogue and at Westminster Cathedral

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A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 222

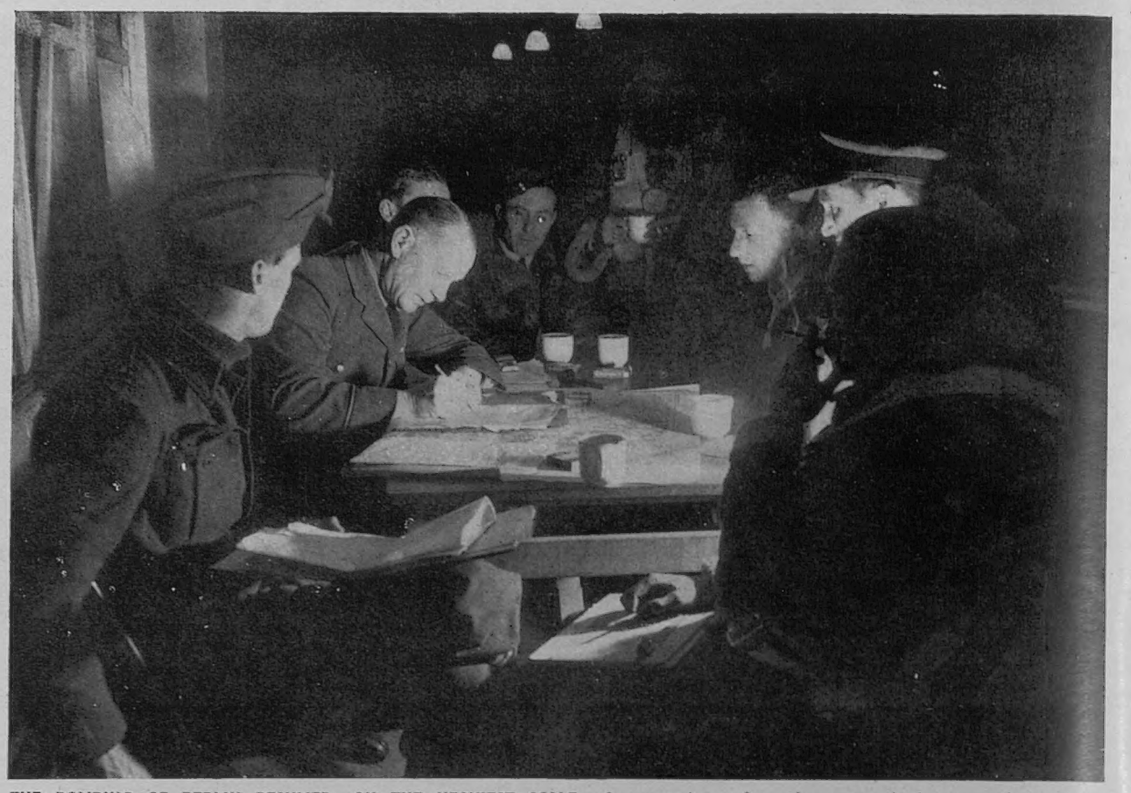
1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

American Statesmanship.

—The Americans came out strong in liberal statesmanship in November. The speeches of Mr. Wendell Willkie and Mr. Cordell Hull deserved all the attention and prominence which were accorded them in *The Times* on November 18. Each speaker took as his text the rights of small nations. Each praised the Moscow Conference as a landmark of the new diplomacy and a jumping-off ground for the development of true democracy in international relations. International democracy implies in the mass what national democracy should imply in the individual. There must be no privileged class, no "people who matter." The small nation and the weak nation, if a nation of goodwill, must have equal rights and full responsibility in world settlement to the limit of its powers. And those rights must be conceded to each in turn as soon as practicable by those nations which to-day hold power—as trustees. The day of power politics is over, and the day of ruling great Powers is to vanish with "ruling classes" in an individual state. It was significant and heartening to read Mr. Willkie's generous tribute to the British Empire, which he cited as the perfect model and successful experiment in the democratisation of international relations. If proof is needed that a fine, new liberal spirit in diplomacy is abroad in civilisation, the Moscow Conference may be cited; that that same spirit has awakened in America, so long a believer in Isolation, the speeches of Messrs. Hull and Willkie make abundantly clear. The United States are clearing *their* decks to play a leading part in world resettlement on liberal lines and in the ideals of a true democracy; and their almost fanatical conversion for the moment outshines our own contribution to the New Order. In North Africa and in Italy and in Spain we have blown hot and cold, we have fallen back on expedients, charging them up to "military necessity"; we have "dickered" with pretences, toyed with the old shibboleths; and the results have been not altogether successful nor redounded to our credit. We patented the "working model." It is up to us to set it working in Europe, with pride in ourselves, confidence in our right to leadership, and with a new spirit of that frankness, honesty and liberality which created the working model for a World Commonwealth. Let us forget the shams and the hypocrisy and the expedients and all the pettiness of the old diplomacy.

"Il Faut en Finir."

—The daily evidence of the effects of war on the human mind and nerves is convincing enough, if we need any proofs, of the melancholy truth that every day this war continues increases the barriers in the way of permanent and sound rebuilding. There can be no sane man to-day who can fail to appreciate the growing and appalling dangers ahead, the almost certainty that there will be no right judgment possible in war-strained, distorted minds to effect a just and lasting settlement. The evil of war is that it is a vicious circle. War is fed on hate; peace on love and mercy and tolerance; and you can no more turn hate to love at an hour's notice than you can take up hunting again at seventy. War demands discipline and breeds revolt. If the slogan "*Il faut en finir*" meant simply "we must finish with this war," the peoples of the world would somehow manage to get together and end the imbecility over the heads of their leaders. But the slogan means something quite different.



THE BOMBING OF BERLIN RESUMED, ON THE HEAVIEST SCALE. A scene just after the crews had returned from the German capital on the night of November 22-23, when the R.A.F. took up their task once again. This picture was taken during the interrogation by an Intelligence Officer of one of the crews which took part. From left to right are the following: Flight Lieut. R. D. Mackay, D.F.M., of Huddersfield, navigator; the Intelligence Officer, Flight Officer G. Dunbar, of Newport, Mon.; Sergeant J. Towns, of Glasgow, rear gunner (partly hidden); Pilot Officer K. Pollard, of Watford, wireless operator; Flight Sergeant Craig Stevenson, of Ayr, second pilot; Squadron Leader J. Martin, D.F.C., of Leicester, captain; Sergeant W. Rigby, of South Shields, mid-upper gunner; Flight Officer Grainger, of Saskatchewan, bomb-aimer; and Sergeant H. Fletching, of Sheffield, flight engineer

It implies "we must finish with Nazism." That is the dilemma. To finish with Nazism may well demand the price of all that remains of discipline and right judgment in the victors as well as in the vanquished. The optimists assure me "it won't be long now." They tell me the Germans for months past have been trying to sue for peace, that neutral countries are full of delegates with *soi-disant* plenary powers, pining to meet accredited representatives (who never come) from the Allies. Whether or no, I do not believe in this sort of ending. And for that reason the dark weeks ahead look unusually black to me. From now until February we pass into Nature's black-out. Hope and bodily health alike decline. (A man who shaves by artificial light is never own brother to the man who shaves in sunlight.) The weather is unfavourable for campaigning in any element, and the dilemma grins at us. It is only by campaigning on a vast scale that the end can come. If the Allied aim were to end *this* war, all sanity cries out that we should have a happy Christmas. Alas! It isn't so; and I, for one, look to the next two or three months to call on all the resolution and philosophy and guts we may still possess. Beyond the black-out lies the sunshine. We may be sure of that. But how black and how oppressive and how thick the intervening cloud-bank, that we cannot measure.

Chivalry.

—I fancy the fixed idea that ancient wars were conducted with "chivalry" is largely claptrap. To-day we believe (and hope) the maximum ferocity and fearfulness have been attained by the perfection of experience of a thousand years of bestial warfare. And fearful as are our modern weapons of destruction, none to-day surpasses the new weapon of propaganda hate. I am relieved that we have given up, in recent bombings of Berlin, the pretence that we aim at and hit only "military" targets. Not even *our* aerial science can drop 2,300 tons of bombs on a capital like Berlin through a dense curtain of cloud in half an hour and leave us the consolation that we were careful to spare the lives and homes of "innocent women and children." In short, we were out to smash ruthlessly the morale and the will to resist, together with all and any war-making material, of a guilty people in the guilty nerve-centre of the Nazi war effort, and we made no nonsensical pretence about precautions. Two other small straws in the wind of realism that has blown away humbug: the other day Goebbels gave out his plan for staging a broadcast Christmas programme for German children who would this year have no homes and no Christmas-trees. Some of our responsible newspapers greeted this with smirks and jeers. . . . The B.B.C., in praise of Allied culture, gave without comment a long list of the ancient works of art destroyed in Italy, the pith of the discourse being the skill of the itinerant art experts and sleuths in unearthing among the ruins bits and pieces of these irreplaceable treasures—rather strong wine for any listener who still keeps one toe on the floor of our former civilisation. Well, there it is! We are realists, we are done with humbug. We admit that war is war and call spades what they are—bloody shovels. But we can't expect to switch over to love and culture when the official word goes forth to turn to Christianity to build a new Heaven on earth. Some achieve Christianity. Not even St. Paul had Christianity thrust upon him. He sought it painfully with tears over the years.

Judas at Home

—The Swedish singer and quisling broadcaster, Brita Bager, once a favourite of Hitler, has given up her job in Berlin and returned to her native Stockholm. Her job was ill-paid. She can do better at home. She gave rather a doleful picture of Lord Haw-haw's life and thoughts. Judas's lot is not a happy one. His regular nightly date at Berlin's Broadcasting centre holds for him little attraction to-day. It is dreary and dangerous. His is the voice of one crying in the wilderness (with knobs on). He is paid only the equivalent of about £250 a year and he "longs for home [England]." He, too, could perhaps "do better" over here—now. He lives in shabby lodgings and he is cold-shouldered even by Goebbels's Nazi staff. Like Mosley and Musso and Quisling, he backed the wrong horse. It looked a certain winner, but it was only a plater after all. He has lost his stake. I recall that not so long ago *I* was almost vulnerable to Joyce's golden sarcasms and confident, sweet reason; he was capable of irritating me when things were very black for us. He was once worth £250 per annum to Goebbels. He was worth much more. He was grossly underpaid. But to-day? Poor wretch; can we here improve on God's poetic justice? It is a doleful picture of Judas at home—homeless, friendless, without a nationality, pining for the land he betrayed so painfully.

The Goddard Report—a Lesson to Hotheads.

—The Hereford case is exposed as one more mare's-nest—one more example of "rank injustice" committed not by "those in authority," but by the heady, unreasoning critics of authority, who do not wait for evidence before they cry "*Nous sommes trahis.*" Take the Rev. W. H. Elliott, who, I am sorry to say, is unwell. He runs a religious column in a newspaper—*The Forum*, he called it. He devoted his last number (October 22) to the Hereford case while it was still *sub judice*. He prefaced his remarks with regrets to his readers that he was compelled to break off his Forum when he had just begun to "feel his way with some clear ideas." He said: "We will not stand for rank injustice of this sort, or for any kind of brutal birching for our young *English* children. Magistrates like these, upon whom, in that capacity, judges of the High Court have commented in the most scathing and devastating words, must go. . . I want some guarantee that no such thing shall ever happen again to any helpless, little child of ours. . . . It is going on all over the country." In the light of Lord Justice Goddard's calm judgment on legal evidence—facts—these heady utterances may now strike even Mr. Elliott as premature and heady and sweeping and foolish. I never much appreciate religion served out in a "popular journalism" spoon. This particular dose is not remarkable for clear-thinking or impartial justice. It would not be too severe to label it POISONOUS SLUSH. It is the claptrap of demagogues. And I regret to say it is "going on all over the country."

THE OLD STAGER

The MEN who BOMBED BERLIN

Pictures Taken After Their Return on the Night of November 22-23

H FOR HARRY: From left to right are Flying Officer Tebbenham, meteorological officer; Flying Officer F. Wittmer, of Melbourne, navigator (who has just completed thirty bombing raids—his first tour of operational service: five of them were over Berlin); Flying Officer Hidderly, captain of the aircraft; and Group Captain G. J. Griddell, D.F.C., A.F.C., the Station Commander, who is also wearing the 1939-1943 medal ribbon

G FOR GEORGE: Flying Officer Wiseman, pilot (second from right), with his crew—Sergeant Twydeel, engineer; Pilot Officer Craig; Sergeant Foreman; Sergeant Copley; Flight Sergeant Brassington; Flying Officer Theriault; and Flight Sergeant MacGilloray, second pilot of the aircraft

THE CREW OF D FOR DONALD in the Interrogation Room being questioned by a W.A.A.F. Section-Officer on the results of the raid

STIRLINGS ALSO TOOK PART IN THE RAID: from left to right (seated) are—Pilot Officer R. G. Brown, of Bexley Heath, captain; Sergeant W. Brodie, Lisburn, Northern Ireland, flight engineer; Sergeant F. Forde, of Dublin, wireless operator; Flight Sergeant P. Harwood, of Nottingham, bomb-aimer; and Sergeant F. E. Tidmas, of Hailspal, navigator

I FOR ITEM: From left to right—Pilot Officer J. Ferris, of Winnipeg; Sergeant C. E. J. Fowler, of Oxford; Flying Officer Dill-Russell, Southern Rhodesia; Pilot Officer D. M. Drew, Newton Stewart, Scotland; Sergeant D. J. Young, Burnley; Sergeant B. S. J. Ackehurst, Seaford; and the pilot, Flight Sergeant J. Ralph, of Reading, who was promoted just prior to leaving for the raid

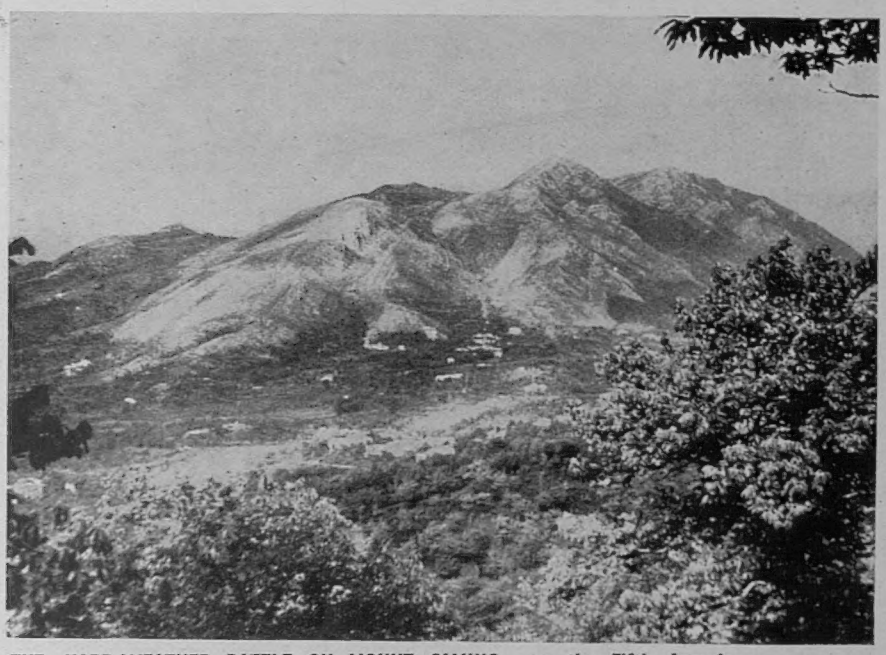
Above and on right—TWO PHOTOGRAPHS ACTUALLY TAKEN OVER BERLIN on the night of November 22-23, at a height of four miles. In each case, the aircraft are four-engined Lancasters: four of them are seen on the right, enveloped in clouds and in the smoke from the burning buildings in the capital far below

THE BATTLE LINE IN ITALY

The Latest Pictures from the Fifth and Eighth Armies

BEFORE THE CROSSING OF THE SANGRO : The Trigno Valley, where Allied troops were held up for about a week. German observation posts overlooked the whole of this valley, and their machine-guns made it impossible to move in daylight. The Eighth Army, having crossed the Trigno River in force, soon came in contact with the enemy from Torino along the line of the Sangro River. On their left flank they gained some high ground in the direction of Alfredena in the face of heavy shelling : but bad weather then held up any further major advances. Step by step, however, and village by village, the enemy retired to new positions, each nearer to Rome. To-day, the Eighth Army are now successfully across the Sangro

A TRIGNO LANDSCAPE. Mule trains were a prominent feature in this region. With roads blocked and bridges blown, pack transport is playing an important part, enabling our armies to advance more quickly than the Germans thought would be possible

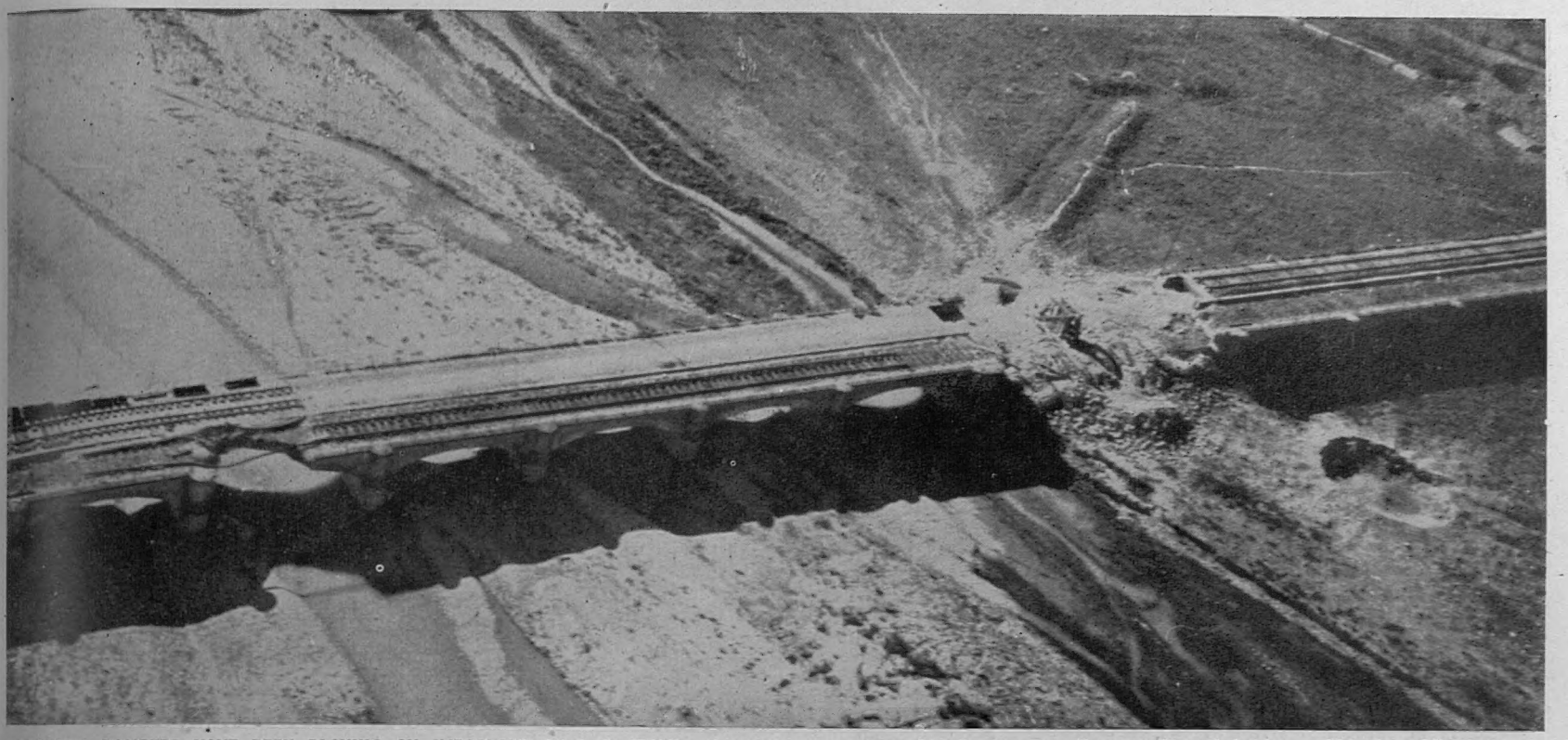


THE HARD-WEATHER BATTLE ON MOUNT CAMINO, on the Fifth Army's front. A view of the mountain massif during the early stages of the attack. Men of a British regiment attacked the Camino feature to the north-west of Mignano on November 6. It was strongly defended by the Germans and severe fighting ensued. The battle continued until weather conditions made it impossible to carry on. The British troops put up an heroic fight, but not without heavy losses and much hardship high up in their mountain positions. The weather was appalling, heavy rain and icy winds and snow showers adding to the difficulties

BRITISH TROOPS JUST BACK from the mountain positions on Mount Camino : Unshaven, tired, but undaunted after their heavy fighting against the firmly-entrenched Germans in the hills

THE EIGHTH ARMY ENTERS ISERNIA : British troops patrolling the debris-strewn streets of the town. When men of a British regiment entered the important town and road junction of Isernia, in Central Italy, a few hours ahead of an American patrol on the night of November 4, they found that it had already been evacuated by the enemy. Owing to numerous demolitions on the road, it was two days before any transport could get through to the town, and it was therefore out of the question to push far beyond the town, which is situated on a lateral road and had been used by the enemy to supply his entire front. The town itself was in a state of extreme ruin, having been heavily bombed by Allied aircraft and having had all important buildings which were then standing blown up by the Germans before they left

THE WATCH ON THE SANGRO : A British sentry spying out German positions on the slopes above the northern banks of the river. It has now been crossed by the Eighth Army, and the British advance continues



AMERICAN BOMBERS HAVE BEEN PLAYING AN IMPORTANT ROLE IN ITALY, where they have been blasting many railway and road bridges. This low-oblique reconnaissance picture shows the highway and railway bridges near Guilianova, on the east coast, which are now severed as the result of a precision raid by daylight whereby this route was completely put out of action

THE EIGHTH ARMY BATTLE FOR BRIDGEHEAD VILLAGES : Two German prisoners, caught in the village of San Salvo, are put aboard a British truck and sent off for interrogation. The Eighth Army has passed through hundreds of small country villages on their way northwards—villages which have gone almost unnoticed in the swift, almost uninterrupted advance. Now, when stiffer opposition is put up by the German armies, these small villages are springing into prominence. Each one becomes the scene of battle as the advance northwards proceeds. One such village was San Salvo, north of the River Trigno. The enemy had formed a defence line along the River Trigno, some three miles south of San Salvo. As usual, the bridge across the river was blown, and a stiff fight ensued to secure bridgeheads on the north bank, where the estuary broadens into several river branches before running into the Adriatic. Royal Engineers had to build three bridges under enemy fire before a satisfactory supply system could be got under way

THE CREW OF A BRITISH ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN AT SAN SALVO, who were invited by the inhabitants to "camp down" on the doorstep of the house opposite their battery emplacement. Here they are seen with their friendly hosts

MUD IS EVERYWHERE IN ITALY. This is an American artillery position on Monte Roccamonfina, in the front line north-east of Sessa Aurunca, in a sector of the Fifth Army where the wintry weather has been severe

THE FIFTH ADVANCE ON HORSEBACK : A reconnaissance patrol being led by Captain Richardson, M.C., mounted on a charger from the royal stables. Owing to the hilly nature of the surrounding country on the Fifth Army front, wheeled or tracked vehicles find the steep, narrow, twisting lanes impassable. British patrols have therefore borrowed Italian cavalry mounts. Nearly all the troopers, being formerly cavalrymen, are at home on horseback

AROUND the BATTLE-FRONTS of the WORLD—Some Interesting New Pictures

IN THE TROUBLED LEBANON: How the French attempted to deal with the popular uprising—soldiers in battledress arrive at one of the centres of disturbance, debus, and begin to disperse the crowd at the point of the bayonet

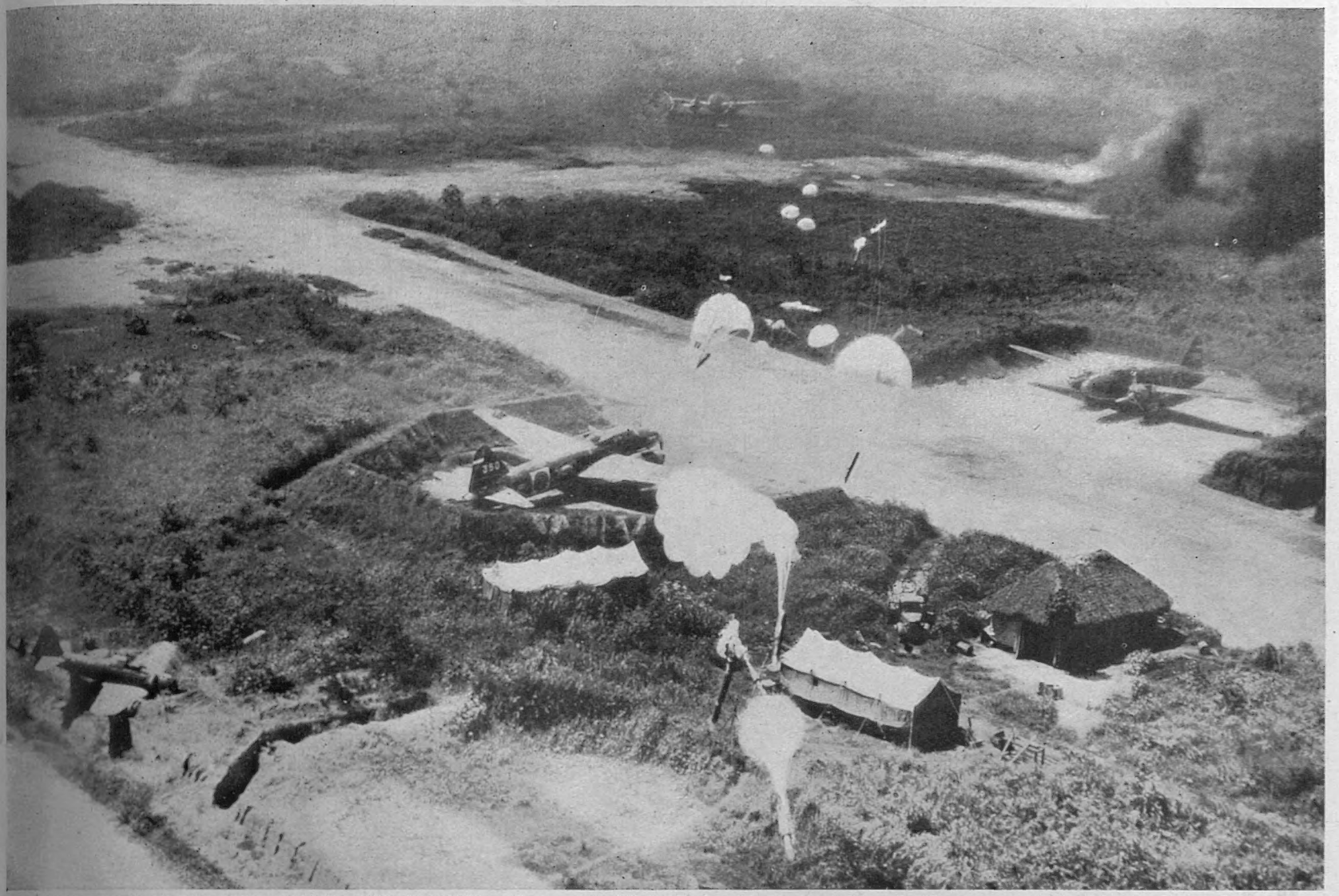
A DEPUTATION OF LEBANESE make their way to the British (and later the American) Legation. The crowd included a large proportion of well-to-do people, including many young women: In an attempt to resolve the Lebanon crisis, whose suddenness and vehemence took the British and Americans by surprise, the French Committee of National Liberation released the President, the Premier and the six arrested Ministers on Sunday, November 21. All shops reopened on November 24, and finally the turmoil subsided. The two pictures reproduced here were taken in Beyrout, the capital, on November 12, the day after the arrests had been made and when the troubles were working up to a climax

KING FAROUK GOES FOR A RIDE IN AN AMERICAN JEEP: The King is here seen at the wheel of the car at the Cairo airport. He was the guest of Major-General Ralph Royce, head of the U.S. Forces in the Middle East, with whom he made an aerial tour of Northern Egypt in a giant American transport plane. General Royce is seated beside the King in the above picture: behind is General Pacha, of the Egyptian Army

THE RIFLE BRIGADE IS INSPECTED BY ITS FORMER CHIEF: General Sir Maitland Wilson, Commander-in-Chief in the Middle East, recently inspected a battalion of his old regiment. From 1927 till 1931 he was in command of the 1st Battalion. He was glad of the opportunity of being able to visit his old comrades once again; and, above, he is seen stopping to chat with a sergeant during the inspection

ORGANISED "HITCH-HIKING" IN THE MIDDLE EAST: *On left*—**a typical scene at one of the many shelters in the Canal area: the group gathers by ones and twos and awaits the coming of an Army vehicle to take them on their way.** *On right*—**one of the many War Department "pick-up" spots.**

"Hitch-hiking" is now organised on a military basis in the Middle East. The old method of thumbing a ride is out of date: proper shelters have been built at points on the various main road-traffic routes. These are exactly like the London Transport stops, so well known to city dwellers here. At these points the travelling Servicemen can wait in comfort for a vehicle going their way. This method of travel costs the soldier nothing, and, as traffic in the Cairo and Canal zones is considerable, it is very quick



PARACHUTE-BOMBS ON THE GREAT JAPANESE BASE AT RABAUL. The present Allied offensive in the South-West Pacific was launched with an all-out air attack on Rabaul, principal Jap base on New Britain Island, where the enemy has been concentrating reinforcements of men, planes and equipment for months. In this attack, more than 200 Japanese planes were destroyed or damaged and enemy shipping and installations were blasted. This picture was taken from one of the American bombers which took part in the devastating attack. Parachute-bombs—used to protect low-flying aircraft from the blast of their own bombs—are seen dropping on revetments protecting the Jap planes on the ground, on the runway, on tents and on a truck at the Vunakanau Airfield. Note the plane nosed over into the ditch at the lower left

A MOBILE FRONT-LINE TOWN IN ITALY: the main entrance to the headquarters of the Desert Air Force: This is quite a small town of its own. It has its own administration buildings, General Post Office, hospital, bank, constabulary, "Council Chambers" and broadcasting system. An advance by the Allied land forces means the advance of the R.A.F. The "town," which forms the headquarters of the Desert Air Force, is uprooted every so often, only to be planted again in new surroundings. In all its moves from Alamein, across the arid wastes of the desert, the more fertile country of Tripolitania, the olive and orange groves of Tunisia and Sicily, no more pleasant site has been found than in Italy. The camp is in an oak-tree plantation with the Apennines in the distance

INSIDE THE TELEPHONE EXCHANGE AT THE H.Q., where the communications are run by Air Formation Signals. The Superintendent is at his desk: in the background may be seen the switchboard and two operators

The SEASON for NAZI SURPRISE is NOT CLOSED

Fantastic as Some of Them May Seem, Here is a Survey of the Phantasms Which May Be Haunting Hitler's Brain. By FERDINAND TUOHY

TO go by the public prints and the talk of the town, the Allies have a monopoly in the matter of keeping the Germans guessing. The picture constantly suggested is that of an enemy never ceasing to run over his immense continental defence lines, lest a surprise jab here or a brilliant coup there prove fatal to him. It seems to be taken for granted that the time has gone by when anything could happen in the way of the Allies being caught by a telling surprise stroke. The Germans contribute to this one-sided picture with dissertations on their weak spots. Thus, in recent days, Berlin publicly mentions three regions marked "dangerous" from the standpoint of Allied invasion, one of these for the first time. That is the Landes, the 110-mile sandy sweep from Arcachon down to Bayonne. The Germans say that, despite the pine forests, there are plains extending nearly sixty miles inland, and that a landing of North Africa character might be attempted from South-West England and/or the Azores.

The other two weak spots currently on the notice-board are the flat coast between Marseilles and the Pyrenees (travellers confirm heavy German troop transport), and the Balkan strip across from the "heel" of Italy. The Germans say they are here on special guard because the Allies have repeatedly said they cannot cope with a Balkan winter campaign. Berlin experts are even quoted as believing that a considerable proportion of the Anglo-American Army is being sent from North Africa to Russia through Persia, and that a blow at the Balkans may come from the East.

One effect of distracting publicity of this kind is to deflect attention from the possibility of the Germans springing a surprise. That such is beyond German capabilities, at this late hour, appears to be a common view when the subject is discussed at all. Yet it may be precisely the lateness of the hour that counts. For if Hitler has always thought up something in winter, when he could, when the Russians would let him, how much greater is the need for him to do so this fifth and blackest winter yet? Indeed, if you still attach the slightest importance to anything he says, then a sorely harassed Führer is already hard on the job.

In that Munich beer-hall he kept harping on the need to bring off "the impossible" and "the contrary to reason," and at least General Dittmar did not construe these selected terms as applying only to the Home Front, for he promptly broadcast that the Führer still said he had a way to achieve victory, and that reason did not rule with such a man. It assuredly did not have the major say on April 9, 1940, when Hitler brought off surprise strokes between Flensburg and Bergen, the like of which modern war had never before witnessed. Is it inconceivable that in desperation he may revert to the startling?

It clears the way to begin with the winter military tasks which he has probably marked "must." These can hardly be less than four:

To keep the Russians at arm's length;

To pay back "the British aircraft-carrier" for its bombing of Germany;

To stave-off, or, at the highest, to forestall the Second Front;

To hold the Balkans and to keep the Allies as distant as possible from the Ploesti oilfields.

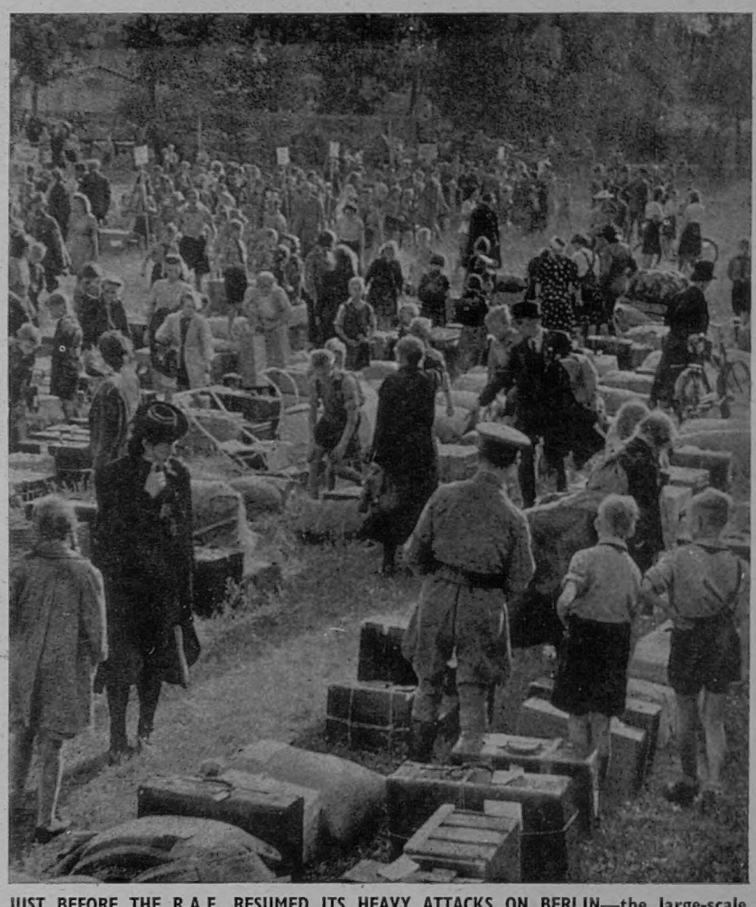
What surprise strokes might Hitler attempt in or beyond reason to aid in the accomplishment of this quadruple design?

So far as one is able to view it, the position in Russia does not lend itself to Hitlerian rabbits out of the hat. What the German High Command wants far more than any startling recovery of lost ground is seasoned reinforcements. Will they be brought from Norway, where there are twelve divisions, and from Finland, where there are five? It would not be much of a surprise were the Germans to leave Finland, whose Foreign Affairs Committee has just announced that "We thank Germany for all the help she has given us, but it is now time to assure our own security and interests by whatever means we find best. This may lead to our road separating from that of the Germans." It would be a surprise if Hitler failed to leave five or six divisions to keep the Allies out of Southern Norway.

The most "impossible," "unthinkable" thing Hitler could do would be to attempt to form a bridgehead in Britain. The repercussions! Also the assured ending. But, not so impossible would be a qualified and sufficiently surprising assault. What, in fact, Mr. Churchill had in mind when he latterly warned of "the possibility of new forms of attacks upon these islands." To what extent might the Allied timetable be deranged by a combination of the following directed simultaneously against Britain:

Intense, if short-lived, air attack, during which smaller bombs of greater explosive power, and liquid fire-raising devices, would be cascaded and "Mosquitoed." The Germans now have a bomber capable of carrying 3½ tons weight of explosive at 325 m.p.h., at a height of 20,000 ft.

Shelling of Greater London and a good deal of Southern England by rocket apparatus from France. This is the most commonly accepted "secret weapon," and there is no tendency to deny that heavy damage and a severe ordeal might be inflicted on selected areas all the clock round, provided the Germans could keep sufficient of the rocket-guns in trim.



JUST BEFORE THE R.A.F. RESUMED ITS HEAVY ATTACKS ON BERLIN—the large-scale evacuation of the German capital by women and children. The round-the-clock air offensive, promised some time ago by Air Chief-Marshal Harris, is now being felt throughout Germany—and especially in Berlin. No corner or city of the Reich is, in fact, any longer immune from attack by the Allied Air Forces. Just before the heavy raids on Berlin were resumed towards the end of last month, women and children were being evacuated from the capital in anticipation of the renewal of the onslaught. This picture was taken in a country town in East Prussia: it shows the arrival there of a batch of evacuees from Berlin, who were then standing-by, with their luggage, for conveyance to different evacuation centres

Dropping of airborne suicide troops carrying dynamite, and, maybe, more—the Germans have said that there is now no more humanitarianism. Landing of the same from small craft. We are well aware that Hitler has only to ask and thousands of young fanatics will leap to the job, only too delighted to die wrecking English homes and industrial and military sites, since these attacks could also be made to put back the date of our invasion of the Continent.

The chief reason it is imprudent to wave aside an onslaught here by new methods, resides in the bolstering of the German Home Front that such a counter-attack would engender. "Too late?" Do you really feel sure we have had the final answer to the *Luftwaffe's* slender attentions since May 1941, and to the restricted geographical use Hitler has so far made of his airborne divisions, admittedly of a very high order?

Next, Hitler must be racking his brains evolving some stroke (or strokes) calculated to postpone and throw out of joint Anglo-American plans for a Second Front in the west. If only he could defeat their realisation next spring and summer! What prizes Hitler glimpses: the Russians would think again about their Anglo-American Allies; morale would slump in the occupied countries and war weariness spread in Britain; there would be a decline of fighting ardour among American troops, who, the Germans aver, are wholly concerned with getting through at top speed and on the record cheap in casualties; and how Congressmen would shout about the inevitable fresh delay in coming to grips with Japan!

While managing to keep their lines of retreat open in Russia, the Germans are thought to have built a force in the west of nearly 100 divisions, to which must be added thirty Bulgar and Croat divisions, for purposes of Balkan defence. Only eleven of the one hundred German divisions are as yet in action against the Allies in Italy. The great majority are taken up with garrison duties and many are not up to the mark numerically or in training and fitness. Even so, it would be rash to decide that Hitler could not whip up a dozen or fifteen divisions for an attack in the west if he deemed the stakes high enough.

The great Foggia air hub, and the other airfields down in the "heel," would be well worth the reduction of a dozen divisions to half their effectives—which is what approximately happens when we hear formations have been "sacrificed." Kesselring says he is getting much more air power. The enemy might contrive landings (partly airborne) in our rear from nearby Albania, Corfu and Epirus, and ill-smothered Fascism in Bari and Apulia province might give him support. The Germans blocking themselves in at Leghorn and Pescara could be part of the plan securing their flanks.

Such a move against the vital airfields may be all moonshine on the military facts. But I set out to discover surprise strokes by which Hitler might try to aid his winter's quadruple design, and in no other direction can the prospect be so provocative to him. Think what our expulsion would mean from Foggia and further south—not necessarily from the whole "toe." These airfields must by now be almost ready for the bombing of the Balkans, including Ploesti, and of Hungary and even Austria. How we have rubbed in our possession of them! And how proportionately would the Nazis score everywhere that we said we would bomb. In addition to which, we should lose our bridgehead for crossing the Adriatic.

Hitler may have another surprise up his sleeve in connection with campaigning in Italy and with moving his troops and equipment about with dispatch, and that is the occupation, at last, of Switzerland, whose leading politician, von Steiger, has just recapitulated that the Swiss will repulse any violation of neutrality. Remember, we are dealing with a desperate Hitler who, with luck, might get four things by taking over Switzerland. All-purposes use of the Simplon and St. Gotthard routes into Italy; safe space for bombed-out German families; a looting hand on Swiss industry and food supplies; and the suppression of a pro-Ally islet in the centre of Europe. A big risk would be the destruction of the tunnels, but Nazis are capable of naming in advance important hostages for execution should specific acts be committed.

Contemplating France, one is reminded how the Germans defeated Allied strategy in 1917 by drawing back unperceived to the Hindenburg line *pour mieux sauter*. In dealing with the wizard of Oslo, it may be prudent to include among the just-possibles a "peace" signed with Laval and the Brinon-Paris lot, to be followed by a German withdrawal from slices of France, carefully chosen *pour mieux sauter* once the Anglo-American invaders made clear their landings—those battle-raw ones whom the Germans believe they can beat on anything like equal terms.

Here, perhaps, is another just-possible: a German return blow at very vexing Corsica, not only as a diversionary delay to southern invasion, but in connection with an aero-naval offensive against that mainstay of said invasion—congested Allied maritime traffic in the Western Mediterranean.

Desperate days, desperate remedies. I close my moonshine with Turkey. Should Hitler get to know for certain that Turkey plans to give the Allies the use of airfields and bases for Balkan invasion, would it be beyond him or reason to attempt to forestall events, and protect especially Ploesti, by alighting on and about these places if only for destruction; the *Luftwaffe* and special troops leaning on Bulgaria's many unused divisions—and the Turks are apparently the only people liable to provoke Bulgars into a belligerency other than massacring Greeks and Serbs?

HOW THE NAVY MADE A LAST DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO SAVE THE ISLAND OF LEROS, by landing troops and supplies in Portolago Bay by night to reinforce the British garrison. On the return from the island, the destroyer "Echo" (of the 1,375-ton Eclipse class) had to race back to her base to escape the German Stuka dive-bombers based on the island of Cos, which had only been wrested from us a short while previously—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

IN THE DODECANESE

Where the Naval War Amongst the Islands has Largely Been Carried Out by Destroyers

Two Special Sphere Drawings

Long before the actions in and around the Dodecanese group of islands, numerous naval operations in the present war had demonstrated the ubiquity and handiness of the destroyers as, quite apart from their speed (and although relatively long ships), their small draught (seldom more than 9 ft.) and rapid response to both propellers and rudder give them great manœuvrability both at sea and in confined waters. In the upper drawing H.M.S. *Echo* is seen carrying out an operation of great difficulty during a last desperate attempt to save the island of Leros: she had entered the enclosed harbour of Portolago Bay, by night and with no lights, to land troops and fresh supplies. As she manœuvred alongside, chutes and rope-ladders were let down on to the quayside, soldiers with their heavy packs slid or climbed off, ammunition and supplies were dumped ashore. The men filed off into the shadows—and all was over in twenty minutes.

The Navy excels in navigation, and to enter an unfamiliar port such as Portolago the destroyer would, in spite of local charts (and probably the assistance of local pilots), literally feel her way in by means of constant soundings: these are transmitted instantly to the bridge, where the navigator gives helm orders to the wheel and directions to the engine-room so that, by independent use of the propellers the vessel creeps in slowly and silently.

No type of warship can manœuvre so nimbly as the destroyer, and this quality has saved many a one from a direct bomb-hit. In the drawing below, the destroyer *Fury* (a 1,350-ton vessel of the Fame class) is seen in the background putting up an anti-aircraft barrage whilst another vessel in the foreground is taking "avoiding action" by making a rapid turn to port at racing speed. Such a turn causes the ship to heel so much to starboard that everybody on board has to hang on. The sharp turn also creates a "pressure wave" on the *inside* of the curve.

THE WORK OF THE BRITISH DESTROYERS IN THE EASTERN MEDITERRANEAN HAS BEEN MAGNIFICENT. They have had a most gruelling time and their crews have had to work in two watches—four hours on and four hours off, for every officer and man. They have been bombarding enemy-occupied islands, attacking convoys, supporting our land forces, and they tried hard to stave off the capture of the three Dodecanese islands of Cos, Leros and Samos by the Germans—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell* (See notes above)

The THREE ISLANDS of the DODECANESE

—Now Recaptured by the Germans

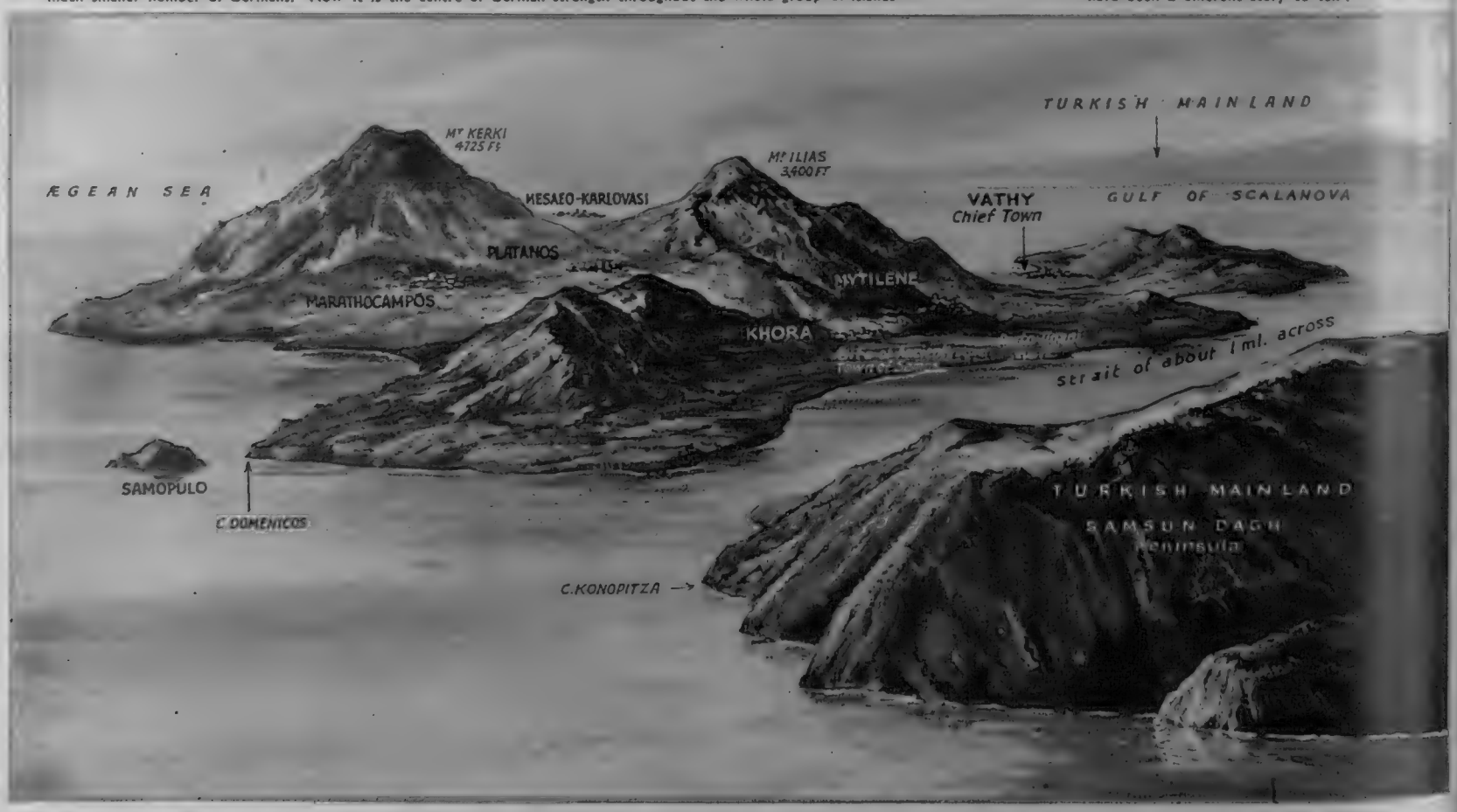
—Special Sphere Drawings and Diagrams

Within a week of the surrender of the small Dodecanese island of Leros to the determined attack of German air and seaborne forces, the preliminary operations were put into action for an assault upon Samos, the considerably larger island, at the northern end of the Dodecanese group. This island had also been occupied by British forces, supplemented by a certain number of Greek troops. Various reinforcements had reached the island from time to time up to about the third week of November, during which period it was apparently taken for granted that an attempt would be made to hold it against the concentrated attacks which the enemy might stage in similar fashion to that against Leros. The geographical conditions were somewhat different, Samos being about three times larger than Leros and a more compactly built island. Its shores are not fantastically indented, as in the case of Leros. There is one large inlet on the north leading to the port of Vathy, and the whole of the island is more or less mountainous. Structurally, Samos and the island of Nikaria form a geologic extension of the Turkish mainland, which thrusts out towards Samos in a 3,600 ft. ridge known as the Samsun Dagh.

It was on September 16 last, shortly after the surrender of Italy, that Allied forces landed on Samos, Leros and Cos, hitherto held by the Italians, who had 60,000 troops holding the Dodecanese islands. The Germans had strengthened the garrisons with about 7,000 men, paying special attention to Rhodes. Though vastly out-numbered on Rhodes, they were able to overcome the Italians and to secure the most important island in the whole group, having the airfields much coveted by the Allies. Of the

CHIEF GERMAN BASE IN THE DODECANESE: The island of Rhodes, wrested from the Italians very shortly after the Italian surrender in September. It is 49 miles long and 21 miles wide, and is traversed in the direction of its greatest length by a chain of mountains which reach to a height of 4,000 ft. The population is about 30,000. After the surrender, the very strong Italian garrison allowed themselves to be overwhelmed by a much smaller number of Germans. Now it is the centre of German strength throughout the whole group of islands

A KEY MAP, which shows the relation of the islands of Cos, Leros and Samos to the Turkish mainland. Presumably our occupation of these three islands was to have been a threat to the great German stronghold of Rhodes, lying to the south. But, one by one, they have fallen to the enemy. All lie quite close to the Turkish mainland; and had air cover been possible from aerodromes nearby, there might have been a different story to tell!



THE ISLAND OF SAMOS, THIRD OF THE STRATEGIC ISLANDS OF THE DODECANESE now regained by the Germans. A drawing showing the geographical structure of the island as seen from the Turkish mainland, from which it is separated by a narrow strait and of which it is structurally a part—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert.*

Much larger than tiny little Leros, whose fall preceded it, Samos is now again in enemy hands after our successful withdrawal last week. The island is 72 miles in length and its greatest breadth is 10 miles—a total area of 180 square miles: it is the most northern of the Dodecanese group and amongst the most fertile, apart from Rhodes itself. The surface is mostly mountainous, the greatest elevation being Mount Kerki, 4,725 ft.: the mountains are forest-clad and the valleys are very fertile. Vathy is the present capital, with a good harbour; Khora, the former capital, is on the south side; and Karlovasi is another important town. It was on this island that the famous Pythagoras was born

THE WHOLE OF THE DODECANESE GROUP OF ISLANDS SHOWN IN A BIRD'S-EYE DRAWING. Rhodes and Scarpanto, at the southern fringe of the group, were taken over wholly by the Germans soon after Italy had left the war: shortly afterwards British landings (in which Greek troops participated) were made at Cos, Leros and Samos; with the help of the Italian garrisons, it was intended to hold these islands and, possibly, make further assaults on the Germans. But no air cover was forthcoming. The enemy, on the other hand, reacted quickly and violently: Cos was the first to go, after a stout resistance; then Leros; and finally Samos—despite naval intervention by British warships. The various phases of the struggle were reported by war correspondents, who based themselves at the town of Budrum, on the Turkish mainland, where they were almost within sight of the struggle—*Drawing by H. P. Burton*

islands taken by the Allies only Cos possessed an airfield, but this was very useful for a time, and its possession enabled the Middle East Command to harass the enemy both from sea and air. The R.A.F. and Allied bombers made constant attacks upon Rhodes and Crete, and while the weather remained good were able to detect the concentrations preparing for an assault upon Cos, and afterwards of Leros, and to smash up the planes upon the ground.

A sudden very powerful enemy force attacked Cos on October 3, dropping 2,000 paratroops and disembarking seaborne troops during the night. The airfield had been previously destroyed by heavy bombing, giving the enemy full control of the air. The town of Cos was rapidly seized, and though Allied troops held out in the hills for a few days, all resistance was over by the 9th. The enemy then turned their attention to the island of Leros, twenty-five miles to the north, which was useful as a naval port, but had no airfield.

Leros was subjected to heavy air attacks for some weeks, during which time the enemy mopped up other small islands, including Levita and Stampalia. When the Germans finally launched their attack on Leros on November 12, they had a rapid success, largely due to the lack of any air defence on the island, which had to depend upon a slender supply of anti-aircraft guns. By two seaborne landings on both sides of the narrowest part of the island, they were able to divide the Allied forces, who, however, fought strongly, confident almost to the end that they could hold the enemy. It was the constant strain of persistent dive-bombing which wore out the defenders, who could get no rest, and became short of supplies. Destroyers made gallant attempts to bring reinforcements: the Germans suffered heavy losses from coastal batteries and the sinking of landing barges, but the lack of air support for the defence forced the surrender of the island after five days gallant struggle.

According to General Sir Henry Maitland Wilson, C.-in-C. Middle East, the Allied action in the Ægean had "paid us a good dividend." It was known to be risky, but it made a diversion just when the Russians needed it, and when the German resistance in Italy was growing stronger.

Now that Germany is urgently wanting good news, the capture of even a small island has been greatly welcomed, and announced on the Berlin radio with a fanfare of drums. The fall of Leros has reinforced the lesson that nothing can resist overwhelming air superiority over a confined area. Without the possession of Rhodes, with its airfields, the islands were too far distant for fighter protection, Cyprus, the nearest Allied base, being about 350 miles away, while the enemy could keep up a constant flow from Rhodes, Crete and Athens.

No sooner was Leros in German hands than the enemy began severe air attacks upon Samos, preparing the way for an assault upon the island and its subsequent capture. The three islands of Lipso, Patmos and Nikaria, lying between Leros and Samos, were also attacked, forcing the surrender of the Italian garrisons.

THE ISLAND OF COS, OCCUPIED BY US SHORTLY AFTER THE ITALIAN SURRENDER, and the first of the three Dodecanese islands to be recaptured by the Germans—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

Cos, or Kos, is some 21 miles long by about 5 miles in breadth. To the north is flat country very suitable for landing-grounds; to the south, along the coast, is a lofty mountain range. To-day the island has a population of about 10,000, mainly Greeks. After the collapse of Italy, the island was occupied by British troops, principally men of the R.A.F. Regiment. But the Germans, apparently desirous of removing a probable threat to Rhodes (which they hold in strength after their subjugation of the spineless Italian garrison), delivered a heavy assault on Cos on October 3 by paratroops and from the sea. Heavy fighting ensued, and eventually the British forces were thrust back into the hill country of the south.

HOW THE WOUNDED ALLIED SOLDIERS IN ITALY ARE BROUGHT AWAY FROM THE FIELD OF BATTLE BY AIR. The aircraft shown in this drawing are American-built Douglas Dakotas (known to the U.S. Army as the C-47). After bringing in supplies for the troops in the field, these big planes then return to base with badly-wounded stretcher-cases. They can carry twenty-eight passengers in addition to the crew of two (see notes below)—*Drawing by Roland D[illegible]*

THE AIR AMBULANCE

—And Combat Pictures of the War in the Skies

—With Two Sphere Drawings

Casualties removed from Italy by air constitute a high proportion of the total incurred in that theatre. Several thousand sick and wounded men, mainly of the Army, have been evacuated from the Italian mainland since the first landings by the Casualty Air Evacuation Units of the R.A.F. Medical Service. All transport aircraft are now fitted so that they can be adapted to take stretchers in a few minutes. The humanitarian aspects of the speedy removal of sick and wounded men from the battle zone to base hospitals where they can receive the finest specialist treatment will be readily appreciated. It is perhaps less obvious that the air casualty evacuation scheme as it is now working effects great economies in transport by employing aircraft which would otherwise be flying empty, and thus taking from other transport agencies a very heavy burden of traffic.

The gain in time is almost incredible. Many badly-wounded men undoubtedly owe their lives to their removal from the front-line area by air. This consideration applied particularly in the Desert Campaign, and it may be recalled, as showing the large part played by air evacuation as organised by the Desert Air Force, that between the time of Alamein and the fall of Tunis many thousands of cases were handled.

At the intermediate base in Sicily casualties are received by R.A.F. medical units and sent, in the first instance, to Army hospitals, where less serious cases are retained; while the bulk are subsequently moved by the R.A.F. organisation by air to the mainland of Africa. At the base airfields there, the reception and dispersal of the casualties to the most appropriate treatment centres is again in the hands of the Royal Air Force Medical Service.

In Sicily and Italy conditions have, of course, been generally favourable, and the evacuation machinery has worked smoothly and effectively, although it can by no means be said to have reached finality. Great advances are still to be expected, and the "trial and error" methods which have so far yielded such good results are being continued.

THE BLIMP IS STILL BEING EMPLOYED BY THE U.S. COASTGUARD SERVICE for patrols along the eastern seaboard of the United States. This picture was taken during a recent rescue incident in the West Atlantic. The blimp hovered overhead whilst the German survivors of a U-boat destroyed off the coast were being rescued from a life-raft by Commodore Richard L. Burke, who piloted a Coastguard plane alongside their frail craft. For this and another rescue, the Commodore was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross by Colonel Knox, Secretary of the U.S. Navy. (Note the column of smoke from a smoke-bomb dropped from the air to indicate the exact position of the U-boat survivors)

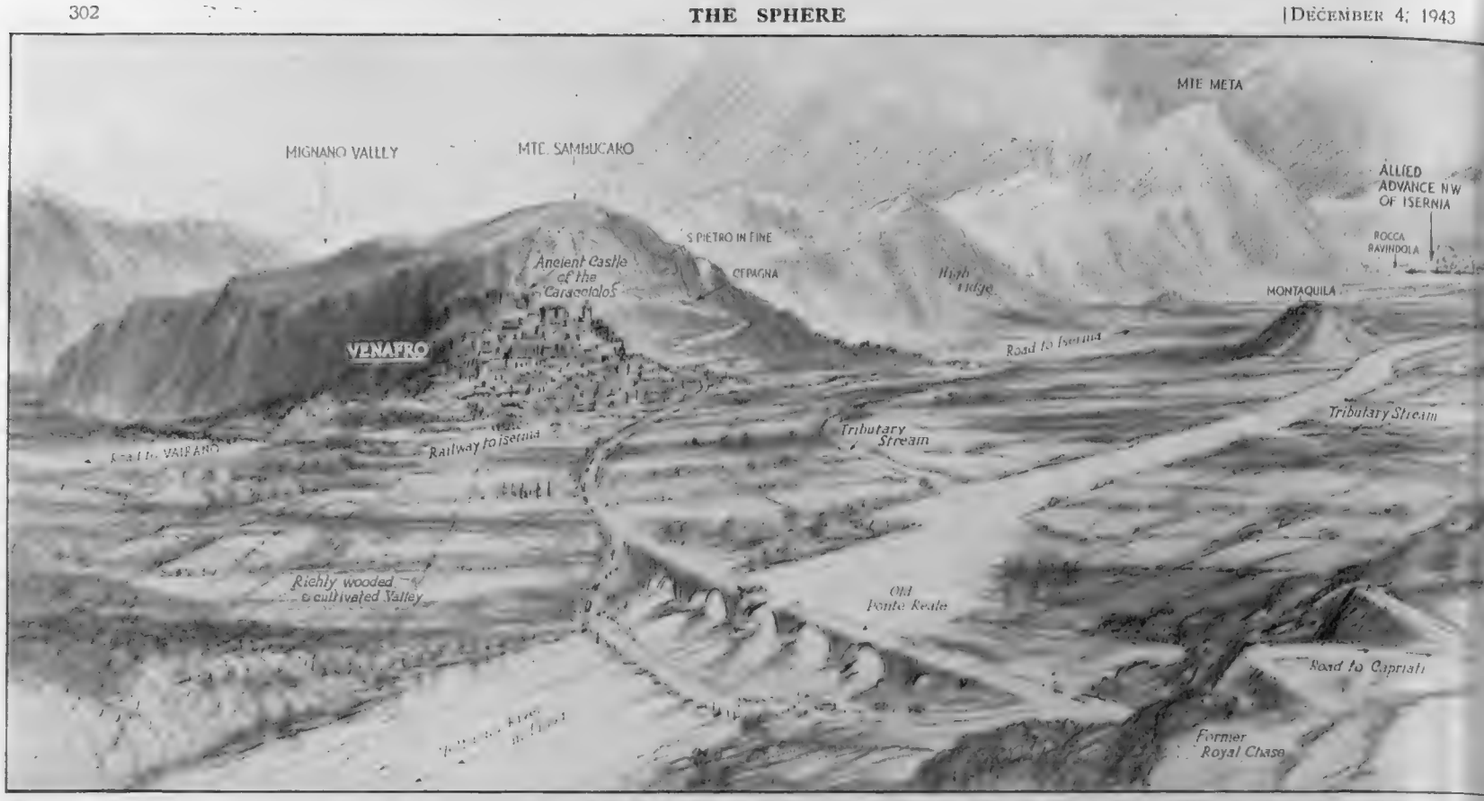
THUNDERBOLTS AND MARAUDERS OVER EUROPE

A MARAUDER COMES HOME. Flying high above the clouds, the aircraft is returning from a raid on the Le André aerodrome. A heavy cloud-covering over the target made accurate bombing impossible: instead of dropping his bombs at hazard, therefore, the pilot brought back his load. At the time this picture was taken (from an accompanying aircraft), the Marauder was over Belgium. Note the flak bursts above the clouds at the upper left

AN UNUSUAL PICTURE OF A SQUADRON OF THUNDERBOLTS on one of their frequent missions over Occupied Europe. This is a rare aerial view: it was taken shortly after the start of a recent flight, just as the Thunderbolts—a whole squadron of them—had formed up on their way towards the English Channel and enemy-occupied Europe. These are the aircraft which now escort the American Flying Fortresses on their daylight expeditions. They are powerfully armed and heavily armoured single-seat fighters; and they are fitted with bullet-proof fuel tanks. When acting as escorts for bombers, these Thunderbolts are now fitted with spare tanks to increase their range

A DRAMATIC INCIDENT DURING A BATTLE WITH A GERMAN U-BOAT IN THE BAY OF BISCAY. The Canadian crew of a Wellington bomber on patrol see the tail of the submarine rise high out of the water before the vessel plunged down into the depths of the ocean after having been depth-charged six times—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

"D for Donald," is a Wellington bomber of the R.C.A.F.; during a recent patrol over the Bay of Biscay she had two adventures with U-boats—of which one is illustrated here. Spotting one fully-surfaced submarine, the crew attacked. After gunfire, the pilot took the Wellington down to 75 ft., and six depth-charges were sprayed over the top of the U-boat. The rear gunner saw the vessel's stern blown high out of the water and tossed round at right-angles. "We circled the area for twenty minutes, but the U-boat had disappeared," the navigator reported later. Subsequently, the bomber's crew spotted another U-boat on the surface, but had no depth-charges left. So they decided to give the enemy a scare. The scheme worked. The U-boat dived when they faked an attack, and the Wellington then set off for home



A KEY REGION IN THE SOUTH CENTRAL AREA OF THE BATTLE ZONE: A view of the Volturno River section in front of Venafro, where the Allied forces are pushing up to the Mignano-Cassino region across swollen rivers and in bad weather conditions—*Drawing by Percy Home*

The valley of the Upper Volturno proved an area of great tactical importance during the latter part of November. The highway running from Isernia to Venafro provided a lateral link along a considerable stretch of the line. The western end of the Volturno Valley linked up with the area in which operations to force a passage towards Cassino, on the easiest "road to Rome," were being conducted: the eastern end joined the roads leading north-west from Isernia. Through the valley flows the Volturno, swollen by the rain-water gathered at numerous tributaries; a local transverse road crosses the river by the old stone Ponte del Re; it serves the once notable Royal Chase above the left bank of the river. The town of Venafro dominates the western end of the plain; this is picturesquely built against the mountainside, and just above it towers the old castle of the Carraciole family. A mountain road climbs up to the higher villages, and from an elevated position the eye can sweep up the valley, past a number of rock-perched villages to the junction of the Venafro road with the Isernia roadways where two villages were captured under Monte Meta.

FIGHTING THROUGH ITALY

Scenes During the Slow Advance of the Allied Armies Towards Rome

—Illustrated in Special Sphere *Drawings*

WHERE THE SEVEREST FIGHTING OF THE WHOLE FRONT HAS BEEN TAKING PLACE. British troops "inching" forward along the road to Cassino: in the background Monte Cairo rises to the left, Monte Meta towards the left centre. Whilst the troops in the foreground are engaging the enemy straight ahead, other attacks are being carried out on the high ground above the valley leading to Mignano—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

Early in the month of November it was found that the biggest concentration of enemy troops was around the Cassino area, twenty miles northwards from Capua. This district guards the entrance to the long, open valley towards Rome. British forces thrust up towards this area, fighting their way over the high ground to the south of the deep valley leading to Mignano. From Vairano the hills close in; but once the Mignano block has been passed, the valley opens out, the dominating hills and the high-pitched towns lying further apart. This main fighting has taken place on the south-eastern slopes of the Monte Camino, 3,000 ft. in height. The main position lay about 27 miles south of Mignano. There the Germans had dug themselves in and were disputing every yard of the ground. In a short time the Germans turned to the offensive and counter-attacked with great determination, so much so that our front-line troops had to give ground at certain points. The British forces regrouped and then forced their way back. If Mignano and Monte Cassino were secured, the way would largely be open for more massive operations. Conditions on the high slopes have been very trying, rain and snow falling almost incessantly

THE GERMANS START A "SCORCHED EARTH" TECHNIQUE ON THE ITALIAN FRONT. The scene as a number of villages and the small town of Rionero blaze, after being set on fire, on the road to Alfedena (since captured) and Castel di Sangro—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

It was evident during the middle of November that the Germans were prepared to use every device to strengthen their hold on the mountain line across Italy from the Sangro to the Garigliano. This line is defensible by a string of mountain bastions, with intervening valleys carrying one or two main roads leading to the north-west; that is, up the leg of Italy. Second- and third-rate roads link the mountain villages with these highways. The Fifth and Eighth Armies have been capturing these villages in progressive pushes, which have been proceeded with on several occasions in the worst of weather. In order that these villages and townlets should provide a minimum of cover, the enemy has taken to the process of burning them to the ground. The troops opposite the line of the southern Abruzzi and on the heights south of the Sangro have seen the glow of these burning villages from across the intervening valleys. In the weather conditions now existing, this process of clearing the battle zone adds greatly to the trials of the peasants and small town folk caught between the two lines. Rionero, on the road to Scontrone and Alfedena, on the edge of the Southern Abruzzi mountains, was blazing on both sides of the road when the Allies recently approached it from the south

THE COMING OF THE WINTER SNOWS IN THE MOUNTAIN COUNTRY. In the tangle of hills and valleys along the Fifth Army's front, snow and rain have seriously hampered operations. In the far background of this drawing is Monte Meta, 6,700 ft. high: the slopes leading up to it have proved formidable obstacles to the Allied advance—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

The weather in Italy has sadly deteriorated during the past few weeks. Heavy snow has fallen up in the Apennines, and low-flying clouds over the battle area have reduced flying to a minimum. Coming just at a moment when our troops were heavily engaged in the mountain districts, it was inevitable that the Allied advance should have been slowed down: but, in spite of the bad weather conditions, local successes have been registered in many districts all along the line occupied by the two Allied armies

THE WORK OF THE ROYAL ARMY MEDICAL CORPS IN ITALY: A SCENE [illegible] bringing down the wounded to an Advanced Dressing Station, establis[illegible]

The drawing by Mr. Osmond reproduced above reconstructs the scene at an Advanced Dressing Station of the R.A.M.C. on the Fifth Army front just south of Mignano, during the recent heavy fighting within that area. As the artist has vividly depicted, the battle line is not so distant—shells are actually bursting up on the ridges above the buildings at a range of a very few hundred yards. Yet doctors, stretcher-bearers and wounded are all cheerful, despite the proximity of the enemy's fire and despite the fierceness of the combat only a short distance away. The building taken over by the R.A.M.C. is typical of t[illegible] washed, with a small garden reache[illegible] a small Red Cross banneret.

The work of the Army's medic[illegible] Doctors and nurses, stretcher-be[illegible] carrying out their duties with a m[illegible] although the casualties themselves [illegible] treatment they have received so [illegible] and overtired medical personnel.

In the fighting in Italy, the R.[illegible] high percentage of casualties in [illegible] battalion medical officers. In vie[illegible] some reorganisation may soon ta[illegible]

On left—**AFTER A PERIOD OF TOUGH FIGHTING IN THE LINE. Front-line troops of the Fifth Army out for a rest between battles. They are starting the day by attending Holy Communion, and are here seen partaking of the bread and wine**

The CARE of

The Unpublicised, but De[illegible]
—Much of which is Carr[illegible]

T BEHIND THE LINES IN THE HILLY COUNTRY THROUGH WHICH THE FIFTH ARMY ARE NOW FIGHTING. Stretcher-bearers d in a small building, where the cases are classified and their injuries dressed—*Drawing by Edward Osmond*

the WOUNDED

ed, Work of the Army's Doctors Out Within Sound of the Guns

part of Italy—long and low and white- through an outer gate, and now wearing

ervices in the field is rarely publicised. ers and orderlies are accustomed to num of acclaim from the general public, re never stinting in their praise of the grudgingly from the often overworked

.C. have suffered a more than usually field: the victims have mostly been this experience, it has been stated that place within the ranks of the R.A.M.C.

Up till now only men with medical degrees have been commissioned—the sole exception being that of Quartermaster. Soon there is to be a new rank —that of commissioned stretcher-bearer: in many cases these new officers will replace the battalion medical officer in the actual battle zone.

Meanwhile, the best scientists in Britain and the United States are devoting themselves to discovering new and effective methods of dealing with all types of wounds and all kinds of sickness. Great results have already been achieved: already the contrasts between the appearance of the wounded in this war and the last are remarkable. The pale, haggard, pain-ridden wounded man of 1914-18 has given place to the "cheerful, healthy-looking casualty of this war," as the Director-General of the Army Medical Services recently put it. He attributed this wonderful change to the provision of facilities for blood and plasma transfusion in the forward areas, the development of the new Sulfa drugs and the new types of dressings, which are said to eliminate the need for the old-fashioned tourniquet.

On right—**FRONT-LINE NURSE WITH THE EIGHTH ARMY.** Sister McHardy, of Wembley has been with the Eighth since Alamein. She is a member of the Territorial Army and she has had three years of foreign service, including France. Here she is seen attending to a recent casualty, Driver Prizeman, of the R.A.S.C. who was wounded whilst moving small arms. Note the two "pips" on Sister McHardy's tunic

WEATHER DANGERS IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC

Where the Great Winter Icebergs are Now Roaming Along the Northern Shipping Routes

It is not only the feather of an enemy submarine's periscope for which the look-out in the North Atlantic must watch: in certain areas there are also the constant dangers of ice and its usual attendant, fog. Suddenly, out of a bank of mist or fog, may loom a floating mass of ice, the visible berg being but one-ninth of the total mass. The naval vessels and merchantmen must give this menace as wide a berth as possible, for a submerged ridge of ice may be protruding from the mass in threatening fashion.

The great manufactories of these Northern Atlantic bergs are the east and west coasts of Greenland, where glaciers come down to the shore and from time to time "calve off" bergs with a mighty roar followed by a dangerous wave, as many a northern scientific expedition has discovered.

These northern waters have been full of big bergs during recent days, as was evidenced by the experiences of the three airmen who crashed into an ice-floe on a journey from this country on the eastbound route. A recent description of the conditions of the Greenland coast states that there are thousands of bergs to be met, especially when strong offshore winds send the ice to the eastward.

An onshore wind blowing hard creates a big sea which rolls in and lifts up the glacier head. This releases the bergs which come south with the southbound Arctic stream from the Polar Basin. The glacier streams for months send vast rivers of water into this southern current. Some bergs swing round Cape Farewell and get into the northbound branch of the Gulf Stream following or paralleling the coast and moving up with the bergs that come out of the big fiords of South Greenland as they work north, they begin to leave the coast and move across Davis Strait to Baffin Island and southbound Arctic currents. It would be interesting to tag these bergs as we do birds and fishes. There is no question that they come, many of them, right down to the banks of Newfoundland.

A CORVETTE BUCKING THROUGH HEAVY SEAS AND EXPOSING HER WHOLE BOW: The corvette ranks after the destroyers, sloops and frigates in the naval reference books; it is a type of warship which has more than justified itself during the present war. But do they roll and pitch and toss in a heavy sea! The largest of them are under 1,000 tons, but the majority are much below this. Yet they carry a complement of around sixty, and every inch of them is crammed with warlike equipment. On the North Atlantic routes the corvettes have done yeoman service: but no one yet has been able to call them comfortable craft in rough weather

Below—**HOW AN "ESCORT CARRIER" IS PROTECTED BY DESTROYERS WHEN AT SEA.** These are the vessels, adapted from merchantmen, which have been largely used during past months for the escort of convoys, in place of the much bigger 23,000-ton Fleet Carriers. When at sea, they are protected by destroyer screens in much the same way as their bigger sisters—as depicted in the photograph below. The flat deck from which aircraft take off and on which they land is clearly visible: it must appear a very tiny speck to the pilots who have to carry out these difficult tasks!

ATLANTIC CONVOY IN WINTER: DURING THE DARK MONTHS THERE IS ALWAYS A DANGER OF BIG BERGS AND PACK ICE DRIFTING DOWN FROM THE COAST OF GREENLAND, thus adding a new anxiety for the big convoys crossing the North Atlantic. There is also the added risk brought about by the fog which frequently surrounds these masses of ice, making detection of them very difficult. So great is the strain on the look-outs on the ships that they have to be relieved every hour (See notes at left)—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

BIG SHIPS OF THE BRITISH HOME FLEET: From left to right are H.M.S. "King George V," H.M.S. "Rodney" and the Aircraft-Carrier "Victorious." The ships have just turned into line abreast and into the wind, to allow the Carrier to land her aircraft on their return from a reconnaissance patrol. Nearly 92,000 tons of British naval might are represented in these three ships—the "King George V" being 35,000 tons; the "Rodney" 33,900; and the "Victorious" 23,000. The combined complement of officers and men is over 4,600

SCIENCE and INVENTION

As Applied to Modern Warfare —A Series of Recent Pictures

The picture on the right was taken recently at an Experimental Establishment of the Ministry of Supply in Southern England. All types of wheeled Army vehicles—from motor-cycles to the heaviest tank-recovery trailers—are here put through the most severe tests before being passed for service. The worst possible road and field conditions are artificially reproduced at this centre, and the tests include the amount of strain which such parts as the engine, springing, braking and coupling can endure. Conditions at the battlefront may be severe, and vehicles may be called upon to stand very severe stresses; but it is doubtful whether, even in the wildest parts of the various battlefronts, the actual conditions are as bad as those met with at this artificially created testing-ground

WHEELS CAN NOW BE MADE TO PERFORM THE SAME FUNCTION AS TRACKS: This is a wheeled tank-transporter being tested over "battlefield country" in England. The wheels can adjust themselves instantaneously to the roughest and most deplorable of conditions

TO FIGHT THE COMMON COLD: Crystals of pure Patulin, of which great things are expected. This amount, two grammes, is obtained from the liquid culture fluid from six flasks

CULTURES OF "PENCILLIUM PATULUM," which ultimately will speed up the war effort by abolishing illnesses arising out of the common cold: The two pictures above were taken in the laboratories of the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine. They illustrate the growth of the mould *pencillium patulum*, from which is derived Patulin. This is believed to be an effective remedy for the common cold. Tests so far have been successful, but Patulin will not be released for general use until further tests have been carried out

PENICILLIN, THE MIRACLE DRUG. The nutrient medium, which feeds the Penicillin mould, is run into culture flasks from a tank in the laboratory. Professor Alexander Fleming, leading British pathologist and bacteriologist, was studying bacteria in his laboratory when a speck of mould drifted through the open window and settled on one of the plates. The bacteria around the germinating mould spore died. Penicillin, the wonder drug, heralding a new era in world medicine, was discovered. To-day, scientists and research experts are pooling their resources to produce acres of the fungus which breeds the life-saving mould. In a laboratory working under the Ministry of Supply, 300 flasks are making the drug so urgently needed to save the sick and wounded, but only hundreds of acres will yield the quantity really required. The day will come when penicillin will be a synthetic product, manufactured by the ton, cheap, abundant, available to all. Gangrene, septicæmia, innumerable infections will be cured by the honey-coloured powder, which is harmless to the human body

PENICILLIN PRODUCING MOULD. The green, white and yellow fungus growing on a sugar liquid has been breeding for eight days. The penicillin is now almost ready for extraction from the liquid

HOW THE SMOKE-SCREEN IS USED BY LANDING CRAFT WHEN APPROACHING ENEMY SHORES: The smoke is created by the generating machinery carried on board each vessel. Under favourable conditions, it is extraordinarily effective: the enemy can only fire into the smoke-bank blindly, as all individual detail is completely hidden from his sight

The USE of the SMOKE-SCREEN

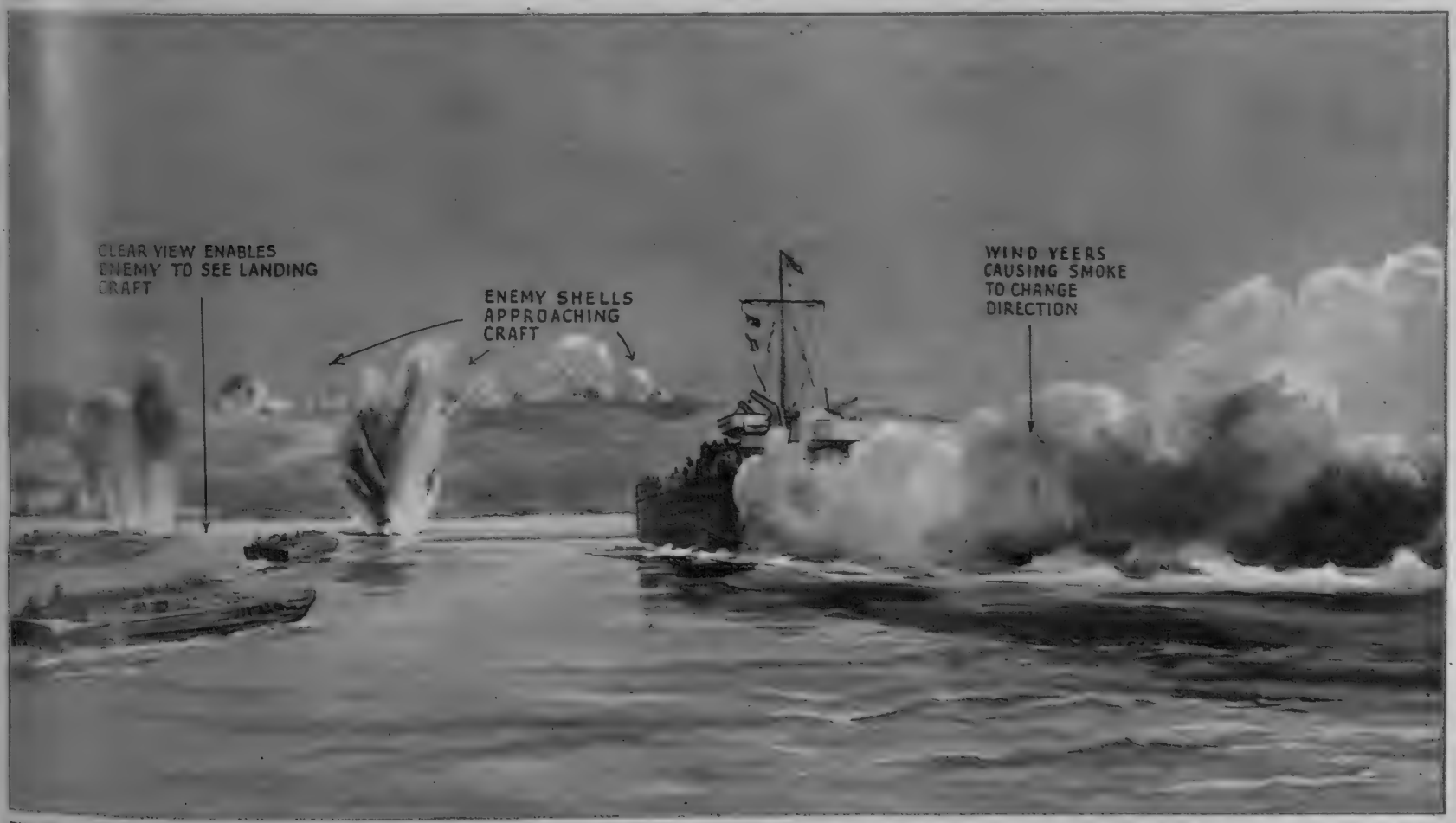
By all Types of Landing Craft

—Two Drawings by E. G. Lambert

The smoke-screen has become quite a normal "weapon" in warfare of to-day. It originated with naval surface craft, but in the present war it has also been very effectively used by land forces and by aircraft. When used by surface craft, the artificially-engendered smoke-screen has two chief uses. The *first* is to conceal the actual position of a warship, or a whole formation of warships, from the enemy while it is preparing to make an attack on them. For instance, a destroyer or cruiser, having laid a screen, can approach the enemy through its own smoke, thus keeping him in doubt until the last moment of the actual direction of its approach. The *second* is to conceal a ship when it is making good its retreat after an attack or while moving away from a superior force. It can, of course, also be laid by another vessel round a ship which has been hit and damaged.

Clearly, a smoke-screen cannot be used as a weapon of surprise, since its existence shows the enemy that there is a ship somewhere in its vicinity. But it can confuse him and introduce uncertainty and inaccuracy into his fire. The laying of a screen is conditioned by the strength and direction of the wind. The heavier the wind, the less time will the screen remain effective. As far as direction of wind is concerned, a certain amount of control can be exercised by the vessel laying the smoke-screen first working into a position to windward, so that the smoke is carried down towards the enemy.

Most naval vessels, down to M.T.B.s and landing craft, now possess their own generating apparatus. During recent actions in the Channel and the North Sea, as well as during operations in Sicily and in Italy, the vessels taking part have made considerable employment of this new weapon.



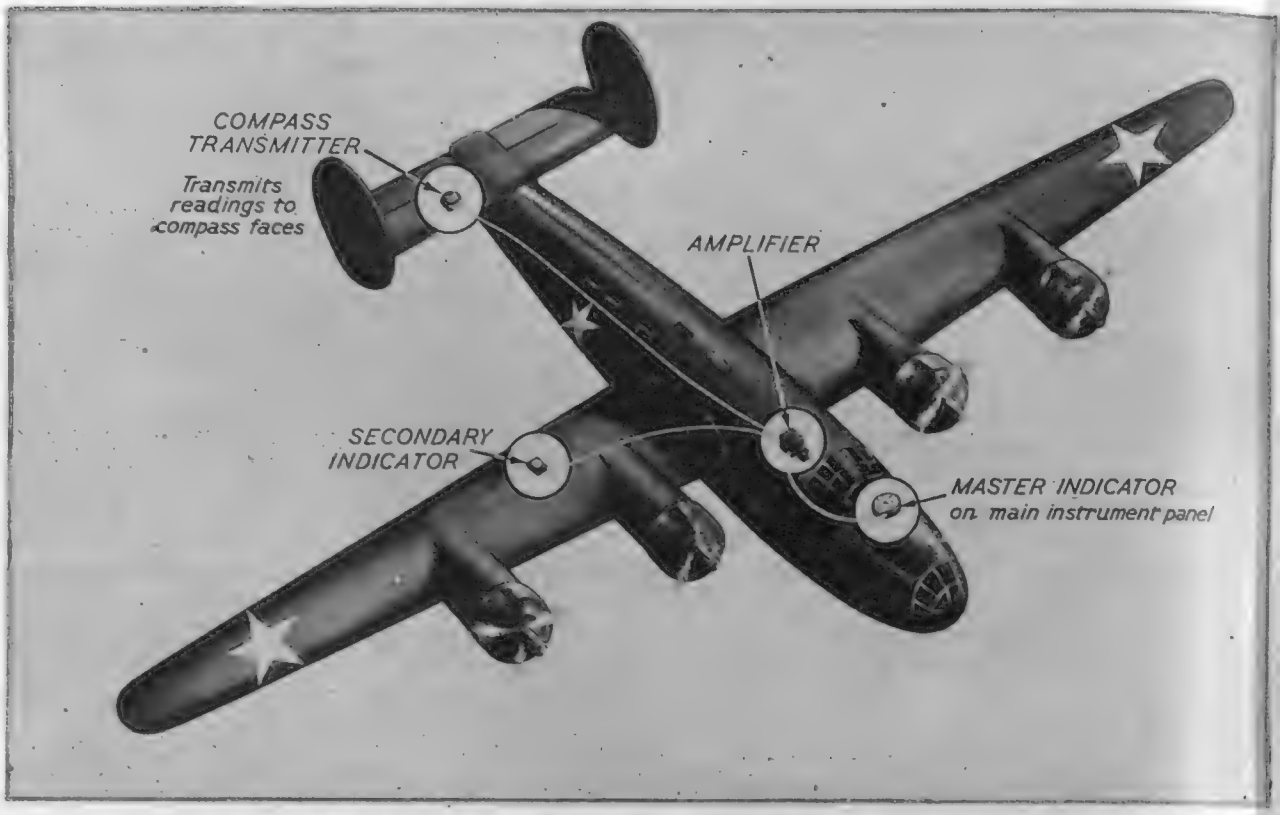
THE SMOKE-SCREEN IS NOT ALWAYS POSSIBLE, HOWEVER: If conditions are unfavourable, it may be quite impossible to lay down the protective screen at all; even if it has been laid, should there be a change of wind during protracted operations the exact location of the attackers may be revealed to the defenders on shore—and disaster ensue, as indicated in the drawing above

NEW MECHANICAL DEVICES
Used in the Conduct of Modern Warfare

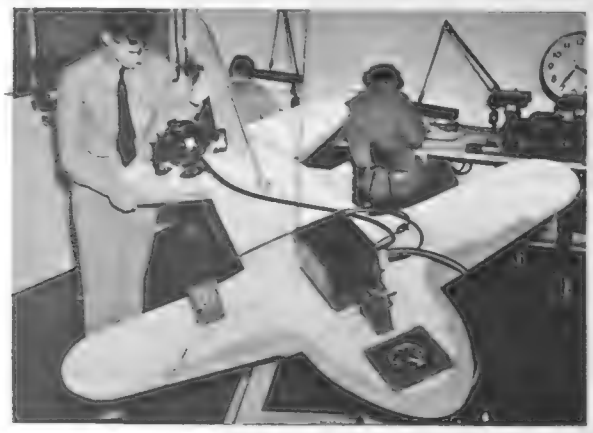
For the first time in 2,400 years, a new type of compass has been invented—a compass of such revolutionary design that it may well equal in importance the invention of the famous Sperry bomb-sight. No official details have been released by the United States Government beyond those depicted in the drawing here and, owing to its extreme importance and value to the Allied Air Forces, the closest secrecy is maintained, air crews probably having instructions to destroy the main components of the compass should there be a possibility of it falling into enemy hands.

The compass itself consists of four parts. The first, containing the gyroscope, is built into the tail of the plane. This records and transmits its reading to the amplifier in the centre of the fuselage. This, in turn, magnifies and sends the reading to the two compass faces in front of the plane, one of which is the master compass built into the pilot's dashboard. The smaller or secondary compass is an auxiliary for use if the main compass is bombed by enemy action. The new apparatus, now being fitted to U.S. planes, is doubtless intended to provide the pilot of a plane with a fixed-point instrument more reliable than the magnetic compass with which he is at present provided. It is notorious that a compass when fixed in a plane is subject to deflections and oscillations which, under certain circumstances, make it unreliable as a guide to the direction in which the plane is travelling. The same thing has occurred with ships' compasses, which have played pranks and sometimes become quite unmanageable when high-frequency vibrations are set up in the ship owing, say, to the introduction of new high-speed engines. The water compass, in which the dial floated, was, curiously enough, found to be a successful antidote to a vessel's violent oscillations during a heavy storm.

In order to provide the air pilot with a more stable point of direction, this new apparatus has evidently been experimented with. It is fairly well known to the layman that a rapidly rotated heavy flywheel, suitably mounted, will tend to keep a ship in a fixed line of motion. It is an adaptation of this gyroscopic principle which is now being made use of. Put in dictionary terms, the properties of a gyroscope depend upon the fact that, when a body is rotating about its principal axis of inertia, the direction of the axis will remain the same unless influenced by an extraneous force. It may well be that in a gyroscopic device affixed to a plane, the pilot will be provided with a fixed point of direction more powerful and certain than the one controlled by the earth's magnetism. From the gyro-operating instrument, the direction of the point has to be carried by mechanical or other means to the dials in front of the pilot. He reads off his deflections from this slender needle as he would from the magnetic needle.



THE INVENTION OF A NEW TYPE OF GYRO COMPASS. How the revolutionary instrument now being fitted to American aircraft operates (see accompanying notes)—*Drawing by B. C. Wood*



A DEMONSTRATION OF THE NEW GYRO COMPASS. The compass transmitter is in the upper left on the tail; the amplifier in the centre; the master indicator is on the plane's nose, with a secondary indicator on the wing at left

***Below*—ONLY ONE SOLDIER OUT OF EVERY EIGHT sees the actual battlefront in modern warfare**—*Drawing by B. C. Wood* "Modern campaigns tend to take the form of a series of clear-cut engagements in which quite a small spearhead of fighting troops use the material which has been accumulating for them during weeks and months," so says Mr. Christopher Buckley, with the Eighth Army in Italy. It has been estimated that only one out of every eight or nine soldiers ever takes part in the actual fighting. The drawing below gives a visual impression of how this comes about, and shows how the men of a modern army are disposed.

SIGNALLING between SHIP and SHIP

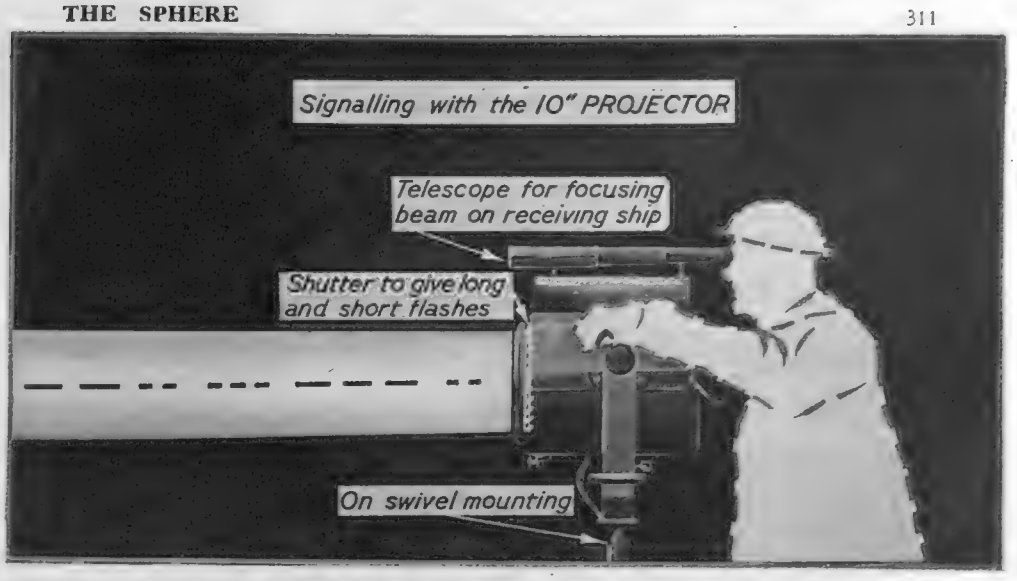
Owing to the necessity of maintaining the greatest possible degree of wireless silence, flag-and-lamp signals are even to-day the chief means of communication between warships at sea.

The lamp, whether it is the small Aldis hand-lamp or the larger signalling searchlight, comes into use mainly for the exchange of messages between pairs of ships. Flag-signals, on the other hand, are chiefly used where it is a case of conveying orders to a large group of ships. Signals from the fleet flagship to the other ships of the fleet, for instance, would normally be made by flags. Immediately the flags are hoisted aboard the flagship, the other ships concerned either repeat the signal or hoist an answering signal. The signal from the flagship is kept flying until it is clear that all ships have received and understood it. The order conveyed in the signal is carried out immediately the signal from the flagship is hauled down.

The signalling searchlight, which is used either by day or night, is very similar in appearance to an ordinary searchlight, only smaller. When in use, the light is kept burning constantly, and the signal is made in the Morse alphabet by means of a movable shutter which exposes and obscures the light in answer to a touch on a handle at the side by the operator. The Aldis lamp, designed to be operated in the hand, so that it may be carried to the most appropriate spot on the bridge, operates similarly, except that the beam is thrown and interrupted by the movement of a mirror reflector. Both types of lamp are fitted with sights, so that the signal-beam can be focused on the receiving ship. Colour filters can be fitted to the Aldis lamp, so that it shall give the minimum of illumination necessary for its signals to be observed.

The signalling searchlight can be effectively used at a considerable range and in conditions of visibility when flag-signals might be very difficult to distinguish. Lamps are also of value for communicating with aircraft

SIGNALLING AT SEA WITH THE ALDIS LAMP. A mirror reflector in this case gives the long and short rays of light—
Two drawings by B. C. Wood



THE SIGNALLING PROJECTOR ON A NAVAL VESSEL: The long and short rays of light which convey the message are controlled by a shutter in front of the instrument

THE FLYING R.A.S.C. NOW DELIVER THE GOODS BY AIR. This bomb-case has just been dropped from an aeroplane and R.A.S.C. men are detaching and folding the parachute

The R.A.S.C. these days are something very different from the popular belief—that they are the Army grocers. They are, in fact, the "super-waiters" of the Army. These men (who wear the red beret) are essential to every movement the Army makes: they have to deliver the goods, be they medical supplies, fuel, ammunition or guns, whenever and wherever they are wanted. In order to perform this very important duty, they use R.A.F. planes and are specially trained to pack supplies in panniers and 500-lb. bomb-cases, and to fly with the planes and drop their load by parachute in the selected area

HOW THE AMERICANS ARE BEING TRAINED WITH A BRITISH WEAPON. This is a "Bangalore torpedo," the device whereby barbed-wire defences can be blasted away at one operation. The team has almost completed laying the length of pipe, which will demolish the obstacle most effectively. The men seen here are only two of many American soldiers now being trained in invasion tactics here. Experts say that this sandy, hilly portion of English beach is similar to the ones assault troops will encounter when they land on the European coast

On right—**NEARING THE OLD POLISH FRONTIER IN RUSSIA:** There are four frontier lines marked on this map. The one on the right is that occupied by Poland at the outbreak of war: the next is the old "Curzon line," proposed to the Poles at Versailles and rejected by them; the third is the line of partition agreed on between Russia and Germany in 1939, when both Powers advanced towards the Vistula: the fourth is the German-Polish frontier of 1939. From the east, the Red Army is now advancing quite close to Poland, and the question of frontiers will soon become a very real one once again amongst the European Powers

THE REHABILITATION OF WOUNDED FIGHTING MEN

What the R.A.F. are Doing to Fit their Wounded Pilots for Civilian Employment After the War Described by CHARLES GRAVES

THE popularity of the Royal Air Force has been the envy of the Army since the outbreak of war, although the past twelve months of General Alexander's leadership has begun to even things up. The R.A.F., however, is still in the lead when it comes to planning for peace and looking after its casualties. They do not take the view that when men are discharged (as thousands have been in the past two years) they become the responsibility of the Ministry of Labour and that the Service itself is "shot" of them. The Royal Air Force takes a different view.

It was over two years ago that Archibald Macindoe, the plastic surgeon, suggested to the Air Ministry that flying personnel who had been disfigured by enemy activity—usually burns—would do much better if they were employed temporarily in some civilian capacity instead of stagnating mentally and morally at a non-effective depot. This idea was accepted immediately. For the general rule is that if an officer or other member of air crew is incapacitated and unable to fly, he will not be discharged from the R.A.F. for a period of about two years. At first sight this may look harsh. Actually, it is the reverse.

AT NO. 8 CONVALESCENT HOME, ALGERIA: Miss Mary Tuckwell, of Ewell (who is on the staff of the Rehabilitation Centre), is one of a team of masseuses who volunteered for this important overseas service. She is now helping to bring the men of the Fighting Forces back to health and strength

As long as a member of the R.A.F. remains in the Service he will secure the world's best medical treatment free; he will keep his pay, and he will not find himself floundering in the Ministry of Labour pool. If a man has given everything for his country and has been badly wounded and possibly disfigured as a result, he is inclined to think of the Prime Minister's tribute to the effect that never was so much owed by so many to so few; he will also recall Mr. Bevin's promise of work for all. Such a man lies in his bed and thinks a good deal. He has been used to an average of £6 a week, and the chances are that his standard of living would have to be reduced to £3 10s. a week if he left the shelter of the R.A.F. Particularly in the case of fighter pilots, though it applies largely to flying personnel of Bomber Command and Coastal Command, the average age is in the very early twenties. This means that the individual officer or sergeant was of schoolboy or undergraduate age when he joined the R.A.F. As such, he never had a chance of adjusting himself to life. The Service was his university, where he was paid fairly well compared with his pocket-money or apprentice wages in civilian life; was able to tell the mess steward to bring him a drink; and generally was on top of the world, however small it might be. If such youngsters were discharged from the R.A.F. it might take them some time to focus life and find the relative values in society. Even in peacetime it was a shock to the average undergraduate who was living at the rate of £300 or £400 a year, to find himself on a £2-a-week basis when he left the university. It would be a still bigger shock for the youthful squadron leader, who went straight from school to the Royal Air Force, to find that he had no immediate earning capacity comparable with his job in the R.A.F., perilous and gallant as it was.

It is with this thought in mind that the Air Ministry has worked out a rehabilitation scheme. Flying personnel obviously deserve the best treatment that the country can give them. This is even more true if they have been wounded in action. The Air Ministry scheme, inaugurated two years ago, therefore arranges that badly-wounded officers and sergeants should be kept as long as is humanly possible on the pay-roll of the R.A.F., and that when the time-limit of two years has expired, they should be found the best possible jobs by the Ministry of Labour, where they have a special liaison officer. But that is not all. The scheme also provides for temporary employment in civilian life for the fairly badly wounded. This temporary civilian employment is for a minimum period of three months. Its objects are primarily remedial; so that the convalescent officer or sergeant will return to flying, but can be turned into a useful citizen if this proves impossible. Disability pay being low, definitely lower than R.A.F. pay, everything is done to find an excuse for keeping them on the pay-roll; but where this is impossible, to enable them to earn at least £6 a week.

If a sergeant-pilot happened to be a solicitor's clerk in peacetime and was badly wounded during operations, he would be sent back to his old firm for three months' study, with instructions to do his wife's shopping in the morning and then walk to the office in the afternoon. He would receive no pay from the firm, because he would still be receiving pay from the Royal Air Force. During this three months he would brush up his law, learn about the new acts affecting income-tax and the like, possibly be coached by the senior partner, and, above all, escape from a continuous association in hospital with other wounded and possibly depressed pilots.

If another member of the R.A.F. flying personnel acquired flying stress and had to be grounded, he might, at his own request, be sent to the Scilly Isles to lend a hand to some daffodil farm and get his nerve back. If a sergeant-pilot expressed a wish to learn all about plastics, the Rehabilitation Department of the Air Ministry would contact Imperial Chemical Industries and enable him to study for three months. If a flying officer with a small capital decided that he ultimately wanted to emigrate to the Argentine, he would be advised that he should first find himself a job out there, and that the Air Ministry would help him to learn Spanish in the meantime. If an officer or sergeant had no home (as might well be the case with Poles, Czechs and Dominions airmen), he would be invited to go to a country house on the South Coast. This invitation would also apply to flying personnel whose wives, sisters or parents might be inclined to look after them so much at home that they could lose the desire to regain the temporary loss of use of whatever hand, arm or leg had made them casualties. At the house there is a member of the R.A.F. who had to have the greater part of both hands amputated as the result of burns received from enemy action. (Unfortunately, burns in the R.A.F. almost invariably affect the face or the hands, the two most exposed parts of the body.) This pilot had been training as an engineer in peacetime. Naturally, he can never become an engineer now. But engineering draughtsmanship is a different matter, and already a leading firm of engineers has agreed to employ him when, in two years' time, he has learnt to draw with the stumps of his hands. What is more, they will start him at £4 a week, which will bring his income up to at least £6 a week with his disability pay.

THESE SOLDIERS RECUPERATING IN A MILITARY HOSPITAL spend their time weaving rugs. There are many other hobbies in which they can indulge. The soldier lying down is unable to move much, but he helps by holding the frame. The man on the left is an American soldier

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

At this place there are six workshops in outbuildings where disabled flying personnel can learn woodwork, metal work, electrical work and draughtsmanship. For apart from the question of temporary remedial rehabilitation, the Air Ministry takes a long-term view about the future of these officers and sergeants when the war comes to an end, and they will have to fend for themselves. The intention is to find a profession or at least a trade for every R.A.F. officer and sergeant who has been in action against the enemy. Actually, 70 per cent. of the casualties return to the air. They seem to like to go back to danger; for it cures them mentally as well as physically. As for the remainder, the Air Ministry has made up its mind, whatever happens, that it will look after them in peace as in war.

At which stage, it seems to me that the Royal Air Force Benevolent Fund, with its millions of pounds, should be encouraged to increase the stingy pensions for the totally disabled members of flying personnel. As it is, the Fund is spending large sums weekly in all kinds of charitable ways on behalf of widows and other dependants of dead R.A.F. pilots. But that is not enough. Nor will it be.

PRIVATE F. G. AUSTINE, of Upper Holloway, is the camp's watchmaker at the Convalescent Home. Despite a crippled right hand, caused by a shell splinter in Sicily, he is still able to carry on his intricate work with skill. In this way he is preparing for his return to civilian life

A movement is on foot to see that the available money should be spent directly on disabled officers and sergeants, as well as on subsidising training and other establishments where they can receive a fresh start in life. At the moment, while there is still danger from the air, hard-headed business men are suitably sentimental, and there has not yet been a single case in which a request from the Air Ministry Rehabilitation Department has been refused. It is safe to say that if a sergeant-pilot with a home in Ashby-de-la-Zouche has been told by an R.A.F. doctor that he ought to live at home and learn raffia-work, he would be found a job immediately. That is a good instance, for raffia-work would be remedial as well as recuperative. He would learn willy-nilly how to use his hands again. And I repeat that burnt hands is a particularly common disability caused by enemy action.

It must be remembered that the mental effect of disfiguring injuries on a youngster is likely to be acute. Merely to have been accepted by the R.A.F. Medical Board means that he was 100 per cent. fit. It comes as a great shock, therefore, to the youngster to find he is permanently incapacitated up to a point. This, in turn, involves depression, even acute melancholia. What is worse, many of these youngsters must undergo a whole series of plastic operations spread out over two years, before they literally face the world anew.

That is where Macindoe was so wise in persuading the Air Ministry to allow his patients to enjoy a scheme of interim employment, which takes their minds off their misfortunes and, in the case of their hands, has a remedial effect. Naturally, the Ministry of Aircraft Production was the first to agree to a scheme by which patients were placed in factories for work carefully chosen to suit the individual case.

In conclusion it must be pointed out that this Rehabilitation Scheme (actually this is a misnomer for recuperative treatment) is entirely voluntary. So far, it must be repeated, the leading industrialists have shown the greatest willingness to co-operate. One can only express the hope that when the war is over and the *Luftwaffe* has been permanently grounded, the same sentiments—or rather, sentiment—will remain.

P.S.—A good example of the Air Ministry's suitable recognition of the gallantry of The Few is that only one member of air crew who has been disfigured by burns has been discharged from the R.A.F. Even he is still being looked after by the Air Ministry. All the rest are still being sheltered and paid.

The REAPPEARANCE of MUSSOLINI;

And other Recent Pictures of Wartime Activities

THE RE-EMERGENCE OF MUSSOLINI: A picture taken at his "Headquarters in Northern Italy" and greatly publicised throughout Germany. On the right is the discredited Marshal Graziani, who was retired after his many disasters in Libya and who is now Mussolini's right-hand man

MUSSOLINI WITH MARSHAL ROMMEL during a conference held recently at the former's new Headquarters. The two pictures reproduced here come from a series specially made for publication throughout Germany and occupied Italy. They show a sadly-shrunken Mussolini, with lined and drawn features, who looks as if the past few months have stripped him of most of his former bombast and flamboyance!

THE WORK OF THE "BACK-ROOM GIRLS" OF YORKSHIRE: A landing craft on its way to the sea after being built 60 miles away

The "Back-Room girls" of the Admiralty work in a "shipyard" which is a street in a West Riding town, 60 miles from the nearest seaport. Here landing craft (for the use of invasion troops) are being launched at the rate of one a week. Many of the workers are women—all of whom, prior to the war, were engaged as shop assistants, typists and hairdressers. After construction, the craft are loaded on to trailers for conveyance by road for launching in the sea

LANDING CRAFT BEING MADE IN A BACK-STREET "SHIPYARD." A general view in the Assembly Shop, where women do much of the work

IRENE CAMPBELL, A LONDON GIRL, now a flight mechanic with Transport Command, works on a Mosquito aircraft

At a station of R.A.F. Transport Command in the West of England, Waafs form 10 per cent. of the personnel, and they are doing a number of unusual and important jobs, such as loading priority cargoes into aircraft serviced by W.A.A.F. flight mechanics, and preparing new bomber and fighter aircraft for delivery to operational units of the R.A.F. at home and overseas. They also carry out their own meteorological observations at the aerodrome and perform many other duties

W.A.A.F. FLIGHT MECHANICS WALKING FROM A HALIFAX BOMBER after servicing the aircraft, accompanied by the crew who will man it for raids over Germany

AWAY FROM THESE WARS . . . .

Memories and Thoughts of the Years Between

—A Fortnightly Causerie **By J. G.**

TWELVE-POUND LOOK.—Four years ago I wrote in this Journal an "apology" to my children. It was inspired by watching them taking the familiar path to our little village sweet-shop, cumbered with their new gas-masks. (In those distant days, as we faced the unknown, we used to interpret security regulations with what seems now absurd strictness.) "This," I said, "*this* is the best which our generation has been able to do for you—to provide you with the dubious means of avoiding death from gas-poisoning in your country walks and by-lanes. This is the extent of progress made by the generation which went before you, to the ideal of brotherhood, security and peace." My apology, for all its futility, was sincere enough. I felt very keenly a sense of shame and disillusionment, hard as it might be, then and now, to saddle any individual parent with the guilt of direct complicity in the second world war.

They were small children then, and I can still very clearly see a picture of them as they started out in the lovely autumn sunshine, prepared for the worst which war might bring. Their sex and age don't matter much here. Let us say that by the end of the war Anyman's girls might be eighteen and sixteen, respectively.

I ask myself to-day to what extent, after these long years under increasingly rigorous war conditions, the apology I then made stands, unchallenged in its justness, unmodified of its fullness. What have they lost, what suffered, what, if anything, gained? Scales have certainly fallen from our eyes since the autumn of 1939. In the fog of war we have somehow managed to see certain things more clearly.

The Fettered Generations.—We may with justice preface any record of Anyman's children's childhood up to the war of 1939 with the premise that they were born in an era when men and women had almost lost the power to distinguish between what is essential and what is prolix in the pursuit of a sane and happy life. I do not say "the good life." I do not wish to strike here either the religious or the moral note, important and relevant as they are. I am concerned with average men and women, average commonsense, average prudence, and average standards of morality and wisdom. It was an age of Haves and Have-nots, and neither class was contented, and neither knew the causes of its discontents. The very handicaps which we know now were a prime cause of discontent among the Haves were fetters which the Have-nots envied and would cheerfully have assumed. Indeed, they planned to get them. Where the dividing line between Haves and Have-nots falls, I do not know, and will not try to place it. I am content to concede that the children I have named were on the fringe of the "Haves."

The handicaps of this class in 1939 were many and formidable. Life for them was complicated grievously, not, perhaps, so grievously as in the Edwardian age, but more grievously far than in the early Victorian Age.

At least since the industrial revolution, and possibly before that, this class had been hard at work complicating life, weighting down its own limbs with fetters and putting in the path of that elusive spirit, Happiness (with her attendants, Content and Simplicity), every barrier and obstacle which fashion and science could devise. We were "pegged to the pound," the slaves of our own possessions, the overworked minions of a monstrous showmanship; and in those fetters these children would have grown up and to them grown used—but for the war of 1939.

Pegged to the Pound.—Possession of money measured standards of success. And this yardstick made us all slaves of what possessions we had, and made us jealous of those we had not. For this obsession we complicated daily life with showmanship, and made of friendly hospitality an ever-increasing burden, a multiplication of luxuries and dishes, a complication of amusements and distractions, a weariness of the flesh, a superabundance of flesh-pots. Fashion and social jealousy whipped us on to outdo our neighbours. Nothing simple could live in the air we breathed. The things of the mind were crowded out and serenity banished. From the inventions of science we snatched what we needed for non-stop, and usually senseless, distraction, and let the rest turn by default into engines of our own destruction. Social rivalry became a vicious circle which multiplied our cares. The domestic service problem was a direct result of insane luxury and elaboration in the fashion of hospitality. We jostled each other to the crater edge under the sorriest banner, ever blazoned with the strange device *Excelsior*—super-luxury cruises, super wireless sets, super sensations, super novelties in food and distraction, unnecessary meals, courses, drinks, gadgets and escapes. But for the war of 1939, it is reasonable to suppose that these girls would have been expensively educated to take their part in this cut-throat competition. The elder would by now have finished her "finishing" course under the best mistresses; learned the art of painting her lips and nails, stared at the Botticellis in Florence, seen the mannequin parades in Paris, attended her first night club and discovered the vital necessity of turning on the wireless before breakfast, and leaving it on all day. And the younger would be at the stage of education when girls are in love with the games mistress and growing interested in their clothes. But war came and upset this applecart, and the more rotten apples burst and disintegrated.

THE NEW HOME FOR THE EUROPEAN ADVISORY COMMISSION IN LONDON: Workmen have been busily engaged during the past few days in removing all the exhibits from the London Museum. This big building is to be used by the Commission for its meetings to deal with the problems which will arise out of the coming liberation of Europe. The premises, formerly known as Lancaster House, are in Stable Yard, St. James's Palace: they were built as a Palace for the Duke of York in 1825

War *Not* Wholly Evil.—War (as I never cease to say) is almost wholly evil. But, with a share of the mercy of Providence, some good can be snatched from it. These girls no doubt tasted some of the horrors and shocks and risks of war—heard the bombs scream down, were shaken out of their beds, and were compelled sometimes in the Battle of Britain to run for cover when dog-fights raged overhead. If it temporarily affected their nerves and health, no permanent evil came from these trials. For the most part, they were suffered to pursue a systematic continuous education on sound lines, an education infinitely cheap at the price and shrewdly calculated to fit them for the difficulties and austerity of an altogether simpler era to come. Above all, every one of them from the age of sixteen upwards to the middle twenties, if they have lost for ever some of the "dancing years," have acquired in exchange the "twelve-pound look"—they have graduated in the school of experience and useful service, in discipline, in responsibility. When their education cost their parents £200 a year upwards, this £12 return of premium was unattainable. To-day, every one of these girls is worth (and knows she is worth) not £12, but ten times £12 a year to any employer. If she be in her twenties, she is familiar with office routine, a fair typist and shorthand writer, a skilled indexer or secretary, a competent motor mechanic, chauffeur or skilled artisan. The younger fry are genuine graduates in the school of Domestic Economy. They have attained to a standard not rare, but quite unknown in the kitchens and storerooms of the 1930's. For not only can they reach and surpass the skill of the average professional cooks of pre-war days in the preparation of scores of appetising dishes for every meal, but they have learned how to improvise, how to plan ahead, how vital is the relationship between the kitchen garden and the kitchen, and the hedgerows and the store room, how vital the elimination of waste and the full use of natural foods. They have seen the domestic problem from both ends, the mistress's and the kitchenmaid's. They know what it means to add to the menu an unnecessary course. They understand every aspect and difficulty of home management, they have worked their way up through every department not "for fun," but in deadly earnest. They are capable also of running a kitchen garden, or even a small farm; they are skilled in country lore. They have revived and mastered all the invaluable crafts and arts of the manor house of the eighteenth century. They are educated for life, educated for happy marriage, educated to overcome difficulties, educated for contentment and a busy life and a serene old age. They have, in a word, at an early, but not too early, age assumed the responsibilities of citizenship and have seen life as it is, and not as it might be—a hard reality from which there is no escape by multiplying distractions, by turning switches, pulling bells or seeking dreamlands. By the mercy of Providence, for a happy few at least, war may not prove total evil.

The New London Stage Productions

Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

"*TEN LITTLE NIGGERS.*"—I would not say that this stage version, at the St. James's, of Agatha Christie's famous thriller thrills to any great extent. The whole idea—a homicidal maniac invites ten guests to stay with him on a small island so that he can bump them off, one by one, more or less on the lines of the nursery rhyme—is so utterly preposterous. Another point is that there was some aiming at getting laughs. This kills the thrills, or, conversely, if a comedy atmosphere is intended, it is killed by the murders, for death is never funny, even on the stage; one cannot have it both ways.

But the entertainment value of the play is certainly considerable. This can be largely attributed to fine performances by Miss Henrietta Watson, Miss Linden Travers and Mr. Allan Jeayes.

"*An Ideal Husband.*"—Since no modern revue seems to be complete without a (usually inaccurate) burlesque of the Victorian or Edwardian periods, the highly stylised revival at the Westminster of Oscar Wilde's *An Ideal Husband*, which was originally seen at the Haymarket in 1895, is likely to be a big success. There are plenty of other reasons for that success, in spite of the fact that, with its stodgy, melodramatic plot and its unnecessary last act, this is not Wilde's best play. But it is brilliantly acted, and when the author gets away from blackmail and priggishness and lets his wonderful wit have a look in, he gives us a riot of sophisticated fun. Dame Irene Vanbrugh, as that amusing snob Lady Markby, contributes most of this, and I would put Mr. Townshend Whitling as a butler of the period—what a butler and what a period!—a good second. Mr. Esme Percy, Miss Rosemary Scott, Mr. Roland Culver and Miss Martita Hunt are all excellent.

"*The Recruiting Officer.*"—George Farquhar preceded Wilde by close on a couple of centuries, yet some of his art has much the same quality, even if sometimes Farquhar is very naughty indeed. Frankly, it was, I think, this naughtiness that caused most of the laughter in the present revival at the Arts Theatre. But it is not the greasy filth now being profitably poured out by certain of our leering comedians.

The play is over-produced and made overnoisy. It is well acted by Mr. Trevor Howard as the officer, by lovely Miss Helen Cherry and many other clever people.

The OUTCRY OVER MOSLEY'S RELEASE

Which Coincided with the Reopening of Parliament Last Week

THE WELSH MINERS' LEADER AT A PROTEST MEETING. Mr. Arthur Horner, President of the South Wales Miners' Federation, speaking from the stage of the London Coliseum, where a "Back the Miners" meeting supported the call to "Send Mosley Back"

THE CROWD OF DEMONSTRATORS, with their many banners, outside the Houses of Parliament on the day when Mr. Herbert Morrison gave to the assembled Members the reasons for his release of Sir Oswald Mosley

HUNDREDS OF WORKERS LINED UP OUTSIDE PARLIAMENT. They were deputations from organisations from all parts of the country, and were armed with thousands of signatures from workers of all kinds. They were not allowed to enter the House of Commons

A CROWD OF PROTEST-MARCHERS IN VICTORIA STREET, holding up the traffic as they made their way to the Caxton Hall, where a protest meeting was held

MOUNTED POLICEMEN CLEAR THE ENTRANCE TO THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT. The demonstrators had attempted to enter whilst the House was sitting; but they were, of course, prevented from doing so

Not for many a long day has Westminster experienced such scenes as those witnessed last week when Parliament reassembled. Large crowds of Trade Union delegates, factory workers and members of the general public thronged Whitehall and Parliament Square to protest against the release from internment of Sir Oswald Mosley, the British Fascist leader, who had been detained under 18B since 1940. Petitions representing the protests of hundreds of thousands of workers were brought for presentation to Members, and the demonstrators marched through the streets and held meetings at which the Home Secretary's action was whole-heartedly condemned. It took some days for the agitation and excitement to calm down after Mr. Morrison's explanations and reasons had been delivered to the House on its opening day

SIGNING ONE OF THE HUGE PETITIONS calling for the reinternment of Sir Oswald Mosley: similar scenes were being enacted all over London during last week

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

An INTERESTING SELECTION of FACT and FICTION

Miss Monica Dickens's Study of a War Factory; An Airy Collection of Short Stories; This Week's Spy Story; An Eleanor Farjeon Burlesque; The Tunisian Battlefield; And the Song of the Birds

MISS MONICA DICKENS has turned her observant eye and her tart, but friendly, humour on to the activities of her fellow-humans in a small war factory near London. There is no suggestion that any of this material is biographical, as was the case with her two previous books, but it is improbable that anyone could write as knowledgeably of bench work and sorters and charge-hands without personal experience. So we may presume that Miss Dickens has done her turn, and is possibly still doing it, as a worker in some ordnance or aircraft factory.

Whether she has also gone in for rabbit fancying is another question, and not as irrelevant as it might seem. Her new novel, THE FANCY (Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.), is more than a little concerned with this productive pastime, as the title indicates. Edward Ledward, the agreeable and deliberately nondescript man she has created as a hero, rather in the Priestley manner, has a tiresome wife to whom he is attached through years of habit, and by the promptings of a naturally affectionate nature. In the factory, he has newly been made charge-hand, in authority over a benchful of girls; a promotion which secretly disturbs and alarms him. At home his happiest moments are spent in his back garden tending the rabbits in his home-made hutches, or studying the advice of a colossus who is rabbit expert to *Backyard Breeding*. Edward is, without any doubt, the best and most completely drawn character that Miss Dickens has yet given us.

In the factory and out of it, the ten women lead their own lives, united at least by proximity and by a common pattern of work for ten or eleven hours of the day, and dispersing at night into homes of every kind. Their separate existences, too, form an integral part of the story's construction until, at the end, all of them are tangibly or intangibly related. In this alone, *The Fancy* proves the most mature piece of work that Miss Dickens has done. In my opinion, it is also the most entertaining.

"THE GOVERNOR," WHO STILL WORKS AT THE AGE OF NINETY-FOUR. Fred Ewens is a big, powerfully-built man—and one of the most remarkable of his age in Britain. For the last eighty years he has worked as a saddler, and his working day—winter and summer alike—has consisted of twelve to fourteen hours, for six days in the week. He is still working, despite his great age. Fred Ewens is known to all as "The Governor." He has only one ailment: deafness—questions have to be put to him in writing, or he lip-reads them. Since 1940 he has been trying to get into the Home Guard: over seventy years ago he was a crack shot in the Sussex Volunteers, and was then renowned for possessing the keenest eyesight in Southern England. In this picture, Mr Ewens is seen at work at his cottage-cum-workshop at the village of Funtington, in Sussex

Miss Elizabeth Goudge's collection of short stories could be more accurately described as fanciful sketches in which, whatever the setting, no character has more than the tip of one toe on solid earth. THE IKON ON THE WALL (Duckworth. 8s. 6d.) contains twelve of these airy and, let us admit it, rather sentimental little tales, of which possibly the best is *Make-Believe*.

In this, the scene is the Channel Islands of 1883. An eight-year-old boy, Colin du Frocq, plays at pirates on the beach with a stranger, and finally confines him in the loft. Soon afterwards Colin hears of a young Englishman wanted for murder, and, concluding that it is his captive, plots with his brothers and sisters and fights with the police to save him from arrest. All ends happily when the criminal turns out to be a local celebrity and the murder no murder.

That, however, is the most solid and sustained of the themes, and, in general, the author shows an optimistic and unrealistic point of view about money matters, legacies and fortunes dropping out of the skies at all times that is really bewildering. The material is lighter than gossamer in each of these stories, but the handling has not been of corresponding delicacy.

Mr. Mountford Williams's spy story could, without any sort of risk, be read by every member of the Upper Fourth, but it is, none the less, an agreeable little tale for all that. THE FISHES ANSWERED (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.) tells the story of one Philip Welling, who, tired of London, takes a short holiday walking in the Welsh mountains by the sea. Because it is that kind of book, the holiday turns out to be far more strenuous than his normal working life, but with the compensation of much excitement.

Welling comes upon a party of men putting some tanks through their trials, and concludes from their activities that this is an official film unit. When he mentions the incident to his friend Bob, who is not only connected with the film industry but a member of the Secret Service, he learns that no such film is being made, and the suspicions of both young men are aroused.

Other occurrences confirm their theory that all is not well, and they are finally instructed by Headquarters—that mysterious, but so satisfactory, "Headquarters"—to make an official investigation, Welling having in the meantime been made a member of "the Service." A friend of his, one Marian, is able to furnish much information, and help in spite of their superior masculine teasing. She thinks she has seen the Loch Ness monster cavorting about the same district in which the tanks were discovered, and this turns out to be a U-boat and part of the same enemy activities.

The chief Nazi agent turns out to be a bookseller in Holborn, whom the men had recently befriended, and they eventually run him to earth in the heart of the Welsh mountains. All this is made comfortably readable by the author's easy style, as the plot, incident by incident, lacks originality or suspense, and the characters are no more than two-dimensional. Still, it is all good, clean fun and not out of place on most library lists.

There is a small, but important, difference between writing a burlesque and writing with tongue in cheek. The former may be briefly amusing; the latter is, as far as I know, never wholly successful. In my view, Miss Eleanor Farjeon's new novel comes into the second category, and, therefore, while it is in places amusing and even witty, well written and ingeniously contrived, it fails to register authentically as any form of fiction. What Miss Farjeon has attempted to do has been to take the whole genre of English mystery novels, to guy them mercilessly and still to claim that her performance can be read for entertainment.

THE FAIR VENETIAN (Michael Joseph. 8s. 6d.) is presented as a novel written by "an auburn-haired girl of some fourteen summers"—a girl who would in that case have left Miss Daisy Ashford standing at the post, and is a story "of mystery, crime and passion"; in other words, an elaborate joke which may or may not be funny, according to the reader's views or mood.

The scene is an extravagant Arlen-esque Mayfair of pre-war days, and the protagonists include beautiful noble women, intrepid explorers, a gigantic Negro, an outsize cheetah and an American woman who speaks the most embarrassing patois. There is also a masked mystery woman, a green sapphire and a murder, all of which should add up to excellent measure if the reader could rid himself of the feeling that he is submitting to a subtle form of patronage

Did you know—and if you didn't, let me be the first to tell you—that bird song, or bird language, has at least twelve main divisions, ranging from song proper, and private song to flight notes, alarm notes, cradle notes and even imprecations? This, and very much else concerning the singing of birds, I have just learned from a delightful little book on BIRD MUSIC (Faber's. 7s. 6d.) by Mr. A. L. Turnbull, who was the founder, fifteen years ago, of the London Boys' Bird Club.

Mr. Turnbull explains that his book is not intended for beginners unless they have, perhaps, taken up ornithology late in life, since "song study is difficult and wants more patience than can be expected from youngsters." But song study, on the other hand if one can approach it through such a medium as this book, is anything but perplexing, since the author has, as it were, done all the work for the reader, who can sit back in comfort, instead of lying hidden under some prickly hedge, and learn how birds are to be distinguished by their calls, which are the birds that sing and which merely chatter, and, finally, agree with him "that British song-birds are best."

In the course of the Tunisian campaign, an American force was ordered to attack a steep and narrow mountain pass in such a way as to take the defenders in the rear. Among the men who took part in this action, which was successful, was Capt. Ralph Ingersoll, no longer a journalist and the editor of the New York paper *PM*, but a civilian turned soldier, who was for the first time encountering the acid test of war.

THE BATTLE IS THE PAY-OFF (Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.) is an account of that brief engagement which lasted only one day. But the story of one battle is in its wider sense the story of all battles, and it is this thesis which Captain Ingersoll's book, with its faithful and lucid account of modern warfare, attempts to illustrate

A MAN WHO REMEMBERS TRAFALGAR SQUARE before the Lions were put there. In a little bookshop near the British Museum is a man who attracts many Americans now in London, and who has contributed much to the friendship and understanding between the two English-speaking nations. He is Mr. Henry J. Brown, eighty-eight years of age. He can remember the moment when Colonel Stanley, back from Africa after finding Dr. Livingstone, came to visit his shop: for Mr. Brown has been seventy-one years in the same business. He started in the year 1864—three years before the lions were added to the Nelson Column. From the windows of his shop (for fifty years in Trafalgar Square) he saw the pageantry of contemporary London life. His archives are full of manuscripts and valuable books dealing with Britain and America: many soldiers from the U.S. now visit him in his bookshop in Little Russell Street to inspect them

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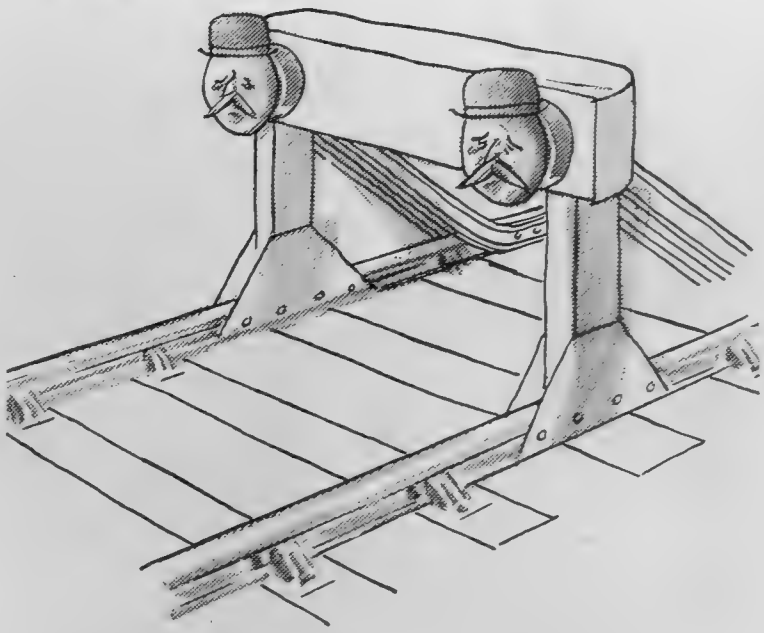

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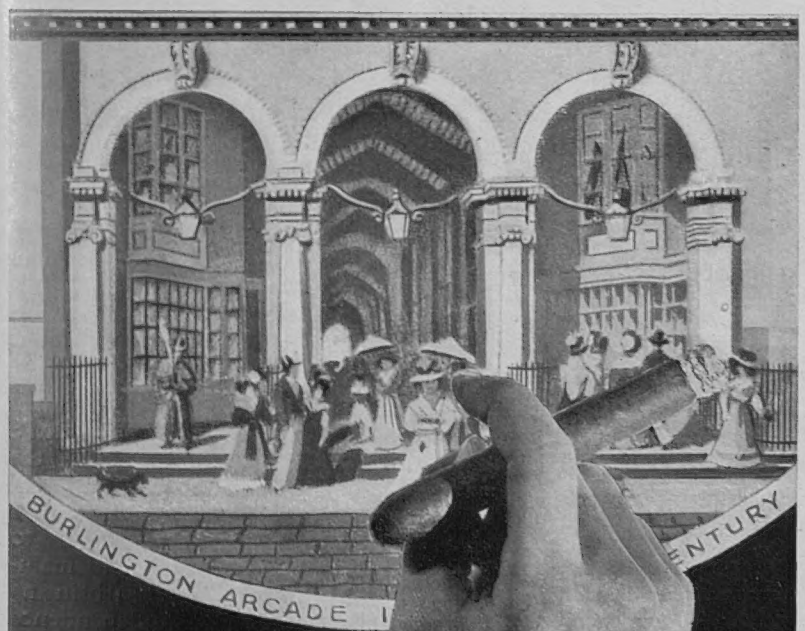

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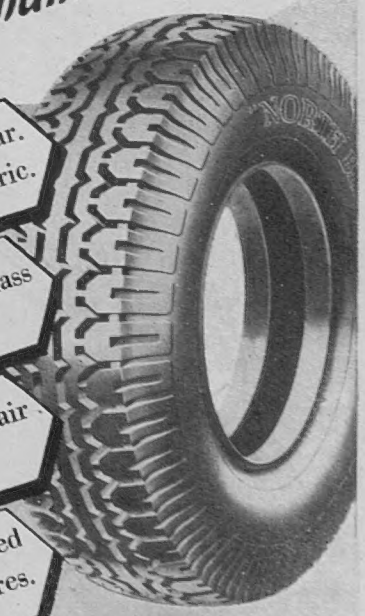

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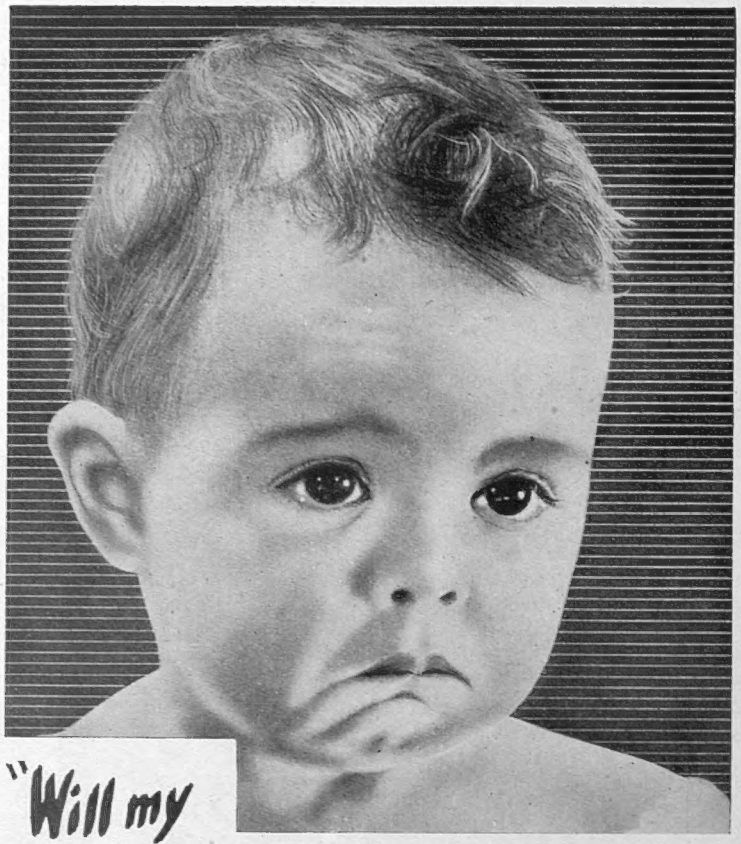

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Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

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Contributions and enquiries to the Secretary:

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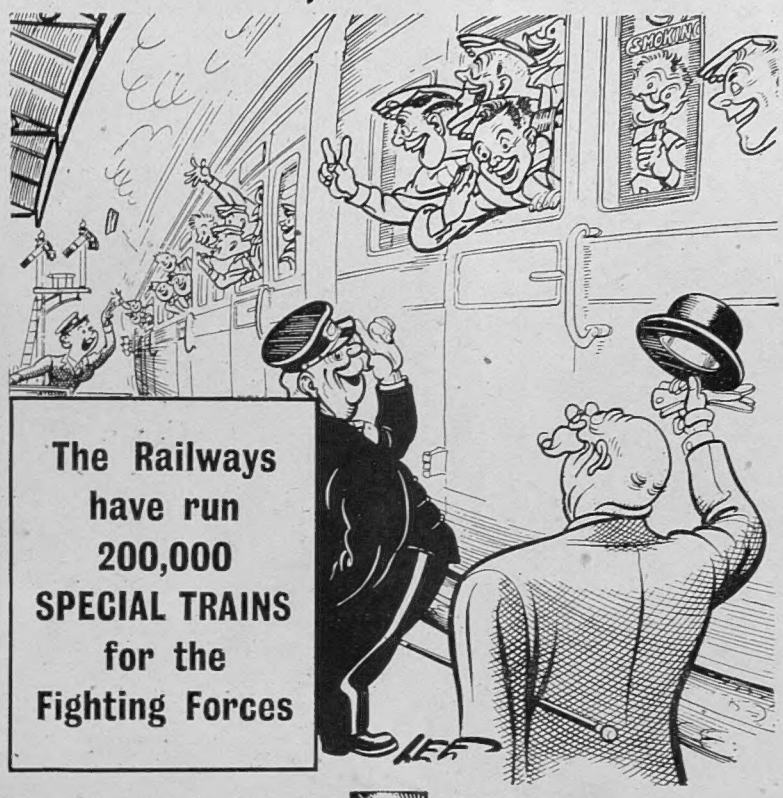

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